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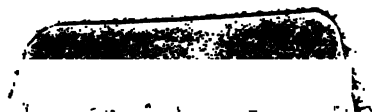
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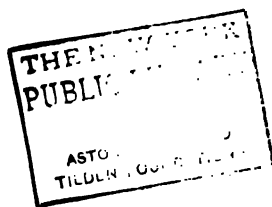
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Bird's-Eye View of Cornell Campus.

CORNELL VERSE

A volume of selected poems, written by the students of

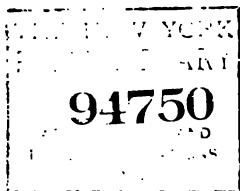
CORNELL UNIVERSITY

COMPILED BY

HENRY ADELBERT LYON

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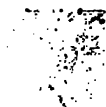




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**DEDICATED TO THE
VICTORIOUS CORNELL CREWS**



PREFACE

THIS little volume is offered to the public without any apology or excuse for its existence ; the main object being that of preserving, in some convenient form, the many bits of rhyme which have helped to divert the thoughts of the student during the leisure hours when not engaged in heavier work. Its merits rest upon the fact that it represents more truly than anything else can, the love that a sense of a higher education imparts to student life.

As the poems were all written by Cornellians, I trust that the love for Cornell University, with all of its hallowed associations and pleasant memories, will make the hearts of those who have left their Alma Mater warm up over the happy recollections of the past so tacitly brought before them, and that the undergraduates may be inspired to invoke the muse still further to help them sing of the glories of Cornell.

Those who have left their Alma Mater will, I feel, *turn aside with pleasure from the cares of business, to*

read some of these verses, and the love for the careless, happy life spent at College will come back again with a flood of joyous memories.

I am indebted to many for the kind assistance they have given me in making this collection, and I trust that my gratitude may not be overlooked, although left as a closing thought to this brief preface.

HENRY ADELBERT LYON.

Westfield, N. Y., June, 1897.

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CORNELL VERSE.

ALMA MATER.

Carm. Cornell.

FAR above Cayuga's waters,
With its waves of blue,
Stands our noble Alma Mater
Glorious to view.

CHORUS:

Lift the Chorus, speed it onward,
Loud her praises tell,
Hail to thee, our Alma Mater !
Hail, all hail, Cornell !

Far above the busy humming
Of the bustling town,
Reared against the arch of Heaven
Looks she proudly down.

— o —

CORNELL.

Carm. Cornell.

THE soldier loves his general's fame,
The willow loves the stream,
The child will love its mother's name,
The dreamer loves his dream;

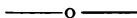
CORNELL VERSE.

The sailor loves his haven's pier,
 The shadow loves the dell;
 The student holds no name so dear
 As thy good name, Cornell.

CHORUS:

We'll honor thee, Cornell,
 We'll honor thee, Cornell,
 While breezes blow
 Or waters flow,
 We'll honor thee, Cornell.

The soldier with his sword of might
 In blood may write his fame,
 The prince in marble columns white
 May deeply grave his name;
 But graven on each student heart
 There shall unsullied dwell
 While of this world they are a part
 Thy own good name, Cornell.



EVENING SONG.

Carm. Cornell.

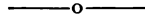
WHEN the sun fades far away,
 In the crimson of the west,
 And the voices of the day
 Murmur low and sink to rest.

CHORUS:

Music with the twilight falls
 O'er the dreaming lake and dell;
 'Tis an echo from the walls
 Of our own, our fair Cornell.

Life is joyous when the hours
Move in melody along,
All its happiness is ours
While we join the vesper song.

Welcome night, and welcome rest,
Fading music, fare thee well;
Joy to all we love the best,—
Love to thee, our fair Cornell!



A VACATION IDYLL.

“**T**HOUGH tangled and twisted the course of true love,
This ditty explains,
No tangles so tangled it cannot improve,
If the lover has brains.”

The broad hotel piazza was deserted then and bare,
Save for a man and maiden; he reclining in a chair,
She lying in a hammock, as we often maidens see,
While they chat of gowns and parties, or of yachting or
of sea.
She had questioned him of college; he had told her tales
a score—

“What a pretty pin,” she told him; adding, laughing,
“did he dare
Lend to her the little emblem, as her own a while to
wear?”

“I cannot,” he protested; “it would never do, because
The transfer is forbidden by the frat’s unwritten laws.
No, I alone must wear the pin and cherish it through life;
No girl—oh, well, unless the one who is to be my wife.”

A moment's pause; the maiden changed the subject with
a smile,

And chatted on entrancingly—and he, poor man, the while
Was losing all his peace of mind, while she, to tell the
truth,

Was equally delighted with this dashing handsome youth.

A casual observer might have noticed from that day
Whenever she went walking, he always went her way;
They had frequent rides together, nor was she ever caught
At any time out sailing in another fellow's yacht.
They danced the lively two-step as the music rose and
fell;

They swung through mazy waltzes, during which they
seemed to dwell

In a sphere above us mortals, and the subtle summer air
Cast a spell upon their pulses—cast our hero in despair.

Did she know how much he loved her? Gladly had he
wished it so,

But greatly feared to ask her, feared that fatal "Yes" or
"No."

It was over; she was going; they were parting; yet he
found

Of the words he meant to tell her he could utter not a
sound.

On the broad hotel piazza fell a sudden bright moonbeam,
Cast its light on man and maiden; on the badge it cast a
gleam.

He simply clasped it on her gown; the maiden under-
stood—

And then the moon withdrew its face—and why should
we intrude?
—*Theos.*

STARS OF THE VALLEY.

WHEN the shadows shroud the hillsides,
 And the stars glow in the blue,
 When the night wind o'er Cayuga
 Breathes its tale of love anew;
 When there's silence deep and tender,
 Save when chimes the even bell,
 Sending far o'er vale and wavelet
 Gentle greetings from Cornell;
 Then upon the valley's bosom
 Gleam a thousand gems of light,
 Mild and clear their radiance stealing
 Thro' the chambers of the night.
 Brighter they than heaven's jewels,
 Deeper sinks their beams' bright dart
 For they shine from Love's dear hearthstones
 Straight into the exile's heart.

—*Oreola Williams.*

— o —

WHICH IS IT?

HE takes his Sunday tea at Sage,
 He spends his evenings there;
 He bends above the music page
 And sings the sacred air.
 Although they say he likes the hymns,
 One naturally infers,
Perhaps he goes to hear the hims,
 More like to see the hers.

—*Auon.*

LEARNING FRENCH.

I ROLL my r's
 To beat the cars,
 And twist the diphthongs round;
 The nasals squeak,
 I howl and shriek
 With strange bacterian sound.

But still I fear
 I soon shall hear
 My dear instructor say:
 "Oh, Nom de Dieu,
 Ah, what to do?
 You nevarie learns Francais."

—Anon.

— o —

HOPE.

THE day has been a fair one
 And the sky was clear and bright
 And I'd wandered through the mead-lands
 In the morn with pure delight.

As the sun rose high and higher
 'Came its influence strong and sweet,
 And stronger pressed it on me;
 Made me happy in its heat.

Through the whole day long it cheer'd me
 Shining warm and soft above,
 Though above me,—yet 'twas with me,
 Made me happy in my love.

But now, behind the hill-tops,
It hides its face away,
And the storm from down the valley,
Comes and drives away the day.

And the winds, in angry tumult,
Drive up clouds that black the skies
And the pines bend low in moaning
And the snow in flurries flies.

And I feel chill desolation
Come and settle o'er my heart—
And the howling winds shriek louder,—
Ah 'tis sorrowful to part.

For thou, thou mad'st the sunshine,
Thou caused this heart to glow,
Yet 'tis but right, our parting;
Ah yes, it must be so.

But still no night is endless
No storm can rage for aye,
And I long and hope for morning
And thy face to grace the day.

—D.

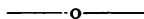
—o—

TO HELEN.

MAIDEN with the raven hair,
Something I would fain inquire;
And your answer, as it lies
Graven in those roguish eyes,
Comes to set my heart on fire,
Or else drive me to despair.

Ah ! the blushing roses fair
 In your cheek, with crimson glow;
 High with hope my heart doth beat,
 As your answer, low and sweet,
 Tells me what I wish to know:
 Leaves my life without a care.

—Oscar H. Fernback.



A DREAMER OF DREAMS.

BALLADE.

A COAT quite ragged, an attic bare,
 A floor *sans* carpet, and ceiling low,
 An aged table, a single chair;
 The flame of a candle blown to and fro.—
 But his thoughts are back in the long ago,
 For the Muse has come, on her snowy wing,
 And the poet lives with his heart aglow
 In the dream-land realm of a fairy king.

The attic roof is in bad repair,
 The air is chill with the falling snow,
 And never a coal for a fire is there—
 How he longs for the lands where the swallows go !—
 But a patient soul is the poet, so
 There's a song whatever the days may bring,
 For he knows that flowers celestial blow
 In the dream-land realm of a fairy king.

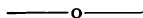
Though small indeed the poet's share
 Of wealth and power that worldlings know,
 He never yieldeth to grim despair.
 His coat may be shabby and worn, but lo,

There is more to life than an empty show,
And his voice will still have a tender ring,
For there's joy unknown to the world below
In the dream-land realm of a fairy king.

L'ENVOI.

Ah, Fame, we have sorrows thou canst not know,
And reward so scant for the men who sing,
But we've laurels brighter than fame can bestow
In the dream-land realm of a fairy king.

—*E. A. R.*

*A COMPARISON.*

DO you know how the North Wind blows,
As it sighs through the leafless boughs;
And whirls the leaves as the farmer sows
His seed with Heaven-turned vows?

Then you know how I shiver with dread,
When the clock is almost at the hour;
A question is aimed at my head,
And around me the storm clouds lower.

Do you know how the South Winds blow,
As a gentle murmuring rill;
To quiet this angry world below,
With a silent "Peace, be still?"

Then you know what my joy is like,
When the master commences to say,
As the clock just begins to strike—
"Mr. M—— that will do to-day."

—*W. S. M.*

DREAM ON.

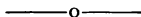
DREAM on, my love, in slumber sweet,
While here, without, I soft repeat
That gentle music of thy choice,
Which oft I've heard in thy dear voice.

Dream on, while there above, thy star
Sends its calm rays from realms afar
To light the watches of the night,
And give thy lover better sight
Of this window, where oft he's seen
Thy lovely eyes, my pretty queen.

Dream on, and may thine eyes of sleep
Gaze in Love's sacred recess deep
Within my heart, and there behold
The words which I have never told,
Except by glance, except by deed,
For tongues are weak, and will not plead.

Dream on, my own, and from thine heart
Let not Love's sacred message part,
For God has placed it there for me!
"I love, I love, but only thee."

—Norman Hutchinson.



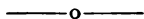
COMFORT.

WHEN the world seems dark and dreary,
And my life is full of grief,
There is one whose voice so cheery
Comes to bring my soul relief.

As the sun with regal splendor,
Quick dispels the gloom of night
So her smile of love, so tender
Makes my saddened heart grow light.

Laugh away, then, world unfeeling !
Heedless I, from trouble free !
Life renewed comes o'er me stealing,
There is *one*, who loveth me.

—Oscar H. Fernback.



AT MIDNIGHT SAT WE THREE FISHERS.

AT midnight sat we three fishers,
Tom, and old Jones and I;
Few lights there were in the village,
Few stars in the cloudy sky.

Our lines still swayed in the water
Though the fish had ceased to bite;
We puffed at our pipes in silence
And dreamed our dreams in the night.

Tom was twenty, and I was twenty,
And Tom and I were in love;
But not old Jones, for he happened, you see,
To be seventy year and above.

The bull frogs croaked in the rushes
That border the little lake;
Old Jones took his pipe from betwixt his teeth,
“ ‘Tis just fifty years, I make,

"And sure as I live that window
Is lighted again to-night.
Did you ever hear the story
Of the drowning of Elsie Wright?"

"Tell on your yarn!" cried Tom and I,
"'Tis one we never heard."

"A gentle girl was Elsie,
She had pledged to me her word.

"But I was a wild young fellow,
Her father a stern old man,
And never a path run rougher,
Than our too true love ran.

"For she was a faithful sweetheart,
And a dutiful daughter, too;
She would not break with her lover,
Nor anger her father anew.

"He pledged her hand to another,
And set the wedding day;
And Elsie couldn't refuse him,
Nor couldn't run away.

"So the night before the wedding,
I sat in my boat just here,
Where the lake curves round to the outlet;
And as twelve struck on my ear,

"From the church-tower yon in the village,
I saw the light go out,
That burned till then in her window,
And I put the boat about,

“ And I rowed in nearer the rushes
To sleep till the break of dawn,
And slept the sleep of the sick at heart,
Full to the morrow morn.

“ Only just as I dozed for the first time
I woke with a startled heart,
And listened over the water,
For the sound that made me start.

“ But all was as still as it now is,
There was only the hoot of the owl,
So I turned again to my slumber—
Hearing a watch-dog howl.

“ I dreamed strange dreams in my slumber,
And woke foreboding of ill;
Woke with the gray break of morning,
When all was misty and chill.

“ But I shook the dew from my shoulders,
And shoved my oars into place,
Then leaned just over the gunwale
To bathe my fevered face.

“ My God ! in the stagnant water,
There by the side of my boat,
Was the face of my love, my darling,
Rocked by the ripples, afloat.

“ She had plunged in the reedy water,
And come with the sluggish tide,
Floating down to the outlet
To rest by her lover's side.”

---*Herbert Crombie Howe.*

ODE TO CORNELL UNIVERSITY.

(Dedicated to Professor Corson.)

I.

WHENE'ER in thought, Cornell, I turn to thee,
Thy merry chimes each time prelude the dream,
With memories newer days endear to me,
Until I seem to see
The waters of Cayuga in the wake
Of eight-oared shells reflect the sun
Which, setting, biddeth to the lake
Those many-toned farewells which one by one
All into gray tints run;
And I, who love sweet-doing-naught, recline
Mid idle oars and make her slumbers mine,
Only to wake when from a far off tower
The college bells with rising stars combine
To tell me of the hour,
Which hath but little power
To rouse me from a water-dream so dear.
Sweet chimes, ring on, your merry notes I hear.

II.

Thus, too, in dreams 'long narrow paths well known
I wander through a rocky gorge astray,
Down shady banks that free me from the sway
Of summer heats and thoughts oppressive grown;
Far oft have I alone
Sought refuge there from noons of mind and heart,
Descending winding stairs cut in a wall
Of layered rock by more than human art,



The Armory and Gymnasium.

To listen to the roaring waterfall
Whose mists of spray bathe all
The trees around, and fill the heated air
With spring-time cool, far more than summer's share,
Where oft of old, I linger now once more
To feed my soul on nature's wholesome fare,
Until, the vision o'er,
Above the water's roar
Faint notes of bells fall on my listening ear.
Sweet chimes, ring on, your merry notes I hear.

III.

But not alone Cayuga's lake I seek
By night, or Cascadilla's gorge at noon.
Thy gifts are not Cornellia's only boon,
Fair Nature, leaving all beside them weak;
For from the sluggish creek—
We call it Rhine—that lakeward wends its way,
And deep-cut, torrent-worn ravines between,
New Ithaca climbs ever day by day
Unweariedly a hill with verdure green,
A home endeared, I ween,
To all who come its student haunts to know,
And, sharing its ambition come to grow
Unconsciously attached to that fair crown
Of lights upon the hill, which fame bestow,
And nobly earned renown
Upon the aspiring town
That lends with me to bells no listless ear.
Sweet chimes, ring on, your merry notes I hear.

IV.

Lake, gorges, ay, and town, each their due share
Of memories awake, but most of all,
When chimes I hear, Cornell, do I recall
Thy massive halls, thy drives and gardens fair,
And that pure atmosphere
Which makes the strong to overcome the claims
Of older rivals to the place of old
By Athens held, however great their names.
Though young in years, oh, be thou free and bold,
Gifts thine alone to hold,
That fearing neither past nor years to be,
Thy sons and friends may come in thee to see
A city set upon a lofty hill
Forth-flashing threefold light o'er land and sea
Unweariedly, until,
Prophetic of God's will,
Cornellian words fall on Columbia's ear.
Sweet chimes, ring on, your merry notes I hear.

V.

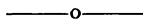
A threefold light, I said, for thou must feed,
Columbia's Athens, body, mind and soul,
And threefold make thy foster-children's goal,
If thou wouldst meet the coming age's need,
And shine supreme indeed.
Hence hail, ye athletes, all who strive to make
Your nerves and muscles bide each manly test;
Who long have floated on Cayuga's lake
Olympian crews none venture to contest
Nor east, nor south, nor west.

TWILIGHT.

31

Hail, doubly hail, ye athletes of the mind,
Who wreaths of conquering thought contend to bind
Around your youthful mother's spacious brow.
But trebly hail, ye who, too long outshined
By brawn and brain, Cornell e'en now
With spirit-lore endow,
And words that bell-like reach the spirit's ear.
Sweet chimes, ring on, your merry notes I hear.

—*Courtney Langdon.*



TWILIGHT.

A DULL gray sky
O'er which swallows fly;
And sweeps of meadow parched and dry;
The twitter of birds;
The lowing of herds;
A rift in the clouds in the West:
The sough of the winds
In the sun-scorched pines;
Then the moaning of doves and the owlet's cry;
The echo of wheels
In the mown hay-fields;
And the day with a quiver's at rest.

—*Robert Adger Bowen.*

MY LOVE.

LIKE rain-pools over Autumn's leaves,
My sweet Love's eyes to me;
Like sunlight over golden sheaves
Her wind-blown tresses free.
Like snow upon the mountain's face
The whiteness of her throat;
Her movements of the subtile grace
Of lilies all afloat.
Her voice is sweet as silver bells
O'er sheets of moon-lit snow;
Her mouth, a full ripe flower, where dwells
The sunset's crimson glow.
Her soul is tender as blue skies
A Southern day above;
While in her heart all priceless lies
The Diamond of her love.
— *Robert Adger Bowen.*

— o —

ON THE RIVER.

OUT on the river at twilight,
While the oars dipped softly in,
And the dear old songs were blended
With the waterfall's distant din;
While the round moon rose up slowly
Over the crested hill,
And silvered a thousand ripples;
When mourned the whip-poor-will.

Then I lost my heart in the twilight,
To the maiden with gleaming hair:
Still under the spell enchanted,
In my dreams, I wander there.
—Herbert Crombie Howe.

— o —

PULPIT ROCK.

ROCKS before and
Rocks beneath it,
Towering cliffs on every side,
Murmuring pines and gorgeous sumach
Fern and dogwood hide.

Deep green waters,
Slipping softly,
O'er the time-stained edge of stone,
Vanished then the greenness of it
By the breeze upblown.

Back the breezes
Steady cast it,
Like the spreading of a veil,
While the sunlight deftly paints it
In a rainbow pale.

Pulpit rock,
Without a preacher,
What a sermon there you find,
Ever preaching, ever speaking,
Moving heart and moving mind.

All is peace and
 Quiet round it,
 Save the water's rush and roar;
 Churchmen for their creeds may struggle,
 It will preach as e'er before.

—*Kennedy Furlong Rubert.*

— o —

THE BLOSSOM.

(From Heine.)

THOU art so like a blossom,
 So gentle, fair and pure;
 I view thee, and my bosom
 Can scarce the pain endure.

My hands and heart are laden
 With blessing, and with prayer,
 That God may keep thee, maiden,
 So gentle, pure, and fair.

—*George Augustus Rumsey.*

— o —

FAR AWAY LOVE.

FAR away love, far away love,
 My spirit wings off to thee,
 Beating the clouds in the heavens above,
 Winging o'er land, winging o'er sea,
 Far away love, 'tis winging to thee.

Turning from revel, from banquet and song,
 Yearning, my love, for thee,
 Sweeping swift on the storm along,
 My soul flies fast with the clouds that flee
 Over the continent, love, to thee.

May Time fly as fast with his scythe and glass,
 Bringing thee, love, to me,
 As the hurrying flakes of snow that pass,
 Bearing the months on his pinions free,
 Bearing thee, far away love, to me.

—*Herbert Crombie Howe.*

— o —

LOVE'S DISGUISE.

SLY Eros once knocked at the door
 Of one whose heart had oft before
 Withstood the crafty wiles of Cupid;
 Who voted Love, in fact "deuc'd stupid."

"Enter," he called, then—"wait I'll see
 Who this faint applicant may be."
 He looked, and there before him stood
 A little maid in cloak and hood.

"Who may you be, my little one?"
 The brown eyes glanced demurely down
 As soft replied the little dame,
 "Platonic friendship, sir, 's my name."

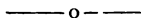
"Welcome, thrice welcome then," cried he,
 "Right often have I wished for thee,
 For with thy presence in my heart
 I'll snap my fingers at Love's dart."

But while he chuckled to himself
 At that poor lorn, defeated elf,
 Sly Cupid threw off mask and guise,
 And stood confessed before his eyes.

MORAL.

Should love attempt to find a way
 Into your hearts, don't say him nay;
 For find a way he surely will,
 'Till mountain streams shall run uphill.

—John Alan Hamilton.



HISTORY AS SHE IS CRITICISED.

WHEN Columbus, on discovery bent,
 Across an unknown ocean went,
 How uselessly his time was spent.
 For you and I as critics know
 His work had been done—years ago.

When Shakespeare wrote those wondrous plays
 For men of every age to praise
 And made the stage with glory blaze—
 'Twas fruitless toil. We critics claim
 He had no right to work or fame.

When Washington his little hatchet
 Had used and didn't try to patch it
 By lying, so he wouldn't "catch it"—
 'Twas foolish—scholars all agree
 There was no hatchet and no tree.

When Pocahontas' naughty pop
 Decided John Smith's head to chop
 She threw herself between—yelled "stop!"
 'Twas wasted breath—for critics say
 She mended socks at home that day.

And, would you think it?—you and I
 Are daily making history lie
 If we do anything but die.
 For critics when our lives they've twisted,
 Will prove we never have existed.

—*Albert Ellis Hoyt.*

—o—

GOOD-NIGHT.

GOOD-NIGHT! Good-night! The rippling stream
 Sings to the trees that idly dream,
 From whose dark tops the night-bird's song
 Floats with the babbling waves along.

Good-night! The bright-eyed daisy keeps
 Watch while the wild oxalis sleeps;
 And, looking up, reflects a star
 In each green meadow near and far.

Good-night! Good-night! The wooded hill
 No longer hears the rumbling mill,
 But still resounds, in echoes weak,
 The blended voices of the creek.

No breeze disturbs the maple's leaves;
 The spider now his cobweb weaves;
 And to the full moon pale and bright,
 The whole world sings: "Good-night! Good-night!"

—*William Chauncey Langdon, Jr.*

THE SURPLUS.

QUOTH the grave old college Senior,
 With a Mentor-like demeanor:
 "Overcrowded all things human;
 Surplus men and surplus women;
 Surplus everywhere we see;
 Can this problem solved be?"

Archly at her true love smiling,
 All his sombre gloom beguiling;
 Lightly from his logic turning,
 Thus she answers to his learning:
 "Seems to me that's easy done;
 Doesn't marriage make two one?"

—*Albert Ellis Hoyt.*

—o—

THE CONSECRATION OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

OUR modern science seeks to prove
 All matter and all force
 Are indestructible, and move
 Through one unending course,
 And forces are but forms of one
 Derived from one great source, the sun.

The beautiful, it may be shown,
 Has life eternal, too,
 And in an empire of its own
 Is ever formed anew.
 Although it seems to fade and fly,
 'Tis but transformed—it cannot die.

CONSECRATION OF THE BEAUTIFUL. 39

For when through rosy clouds the sun
Doth glide away from sight;
Although the brilliant day is done,
The beauties of the night,
In moon and stars from heaven's seat,
The splendor of the day repeat.

Or if the clouds eclipse the moon
They fall in gentle showers,
And all the earth begins to bloom,
A paradise of flowers.
Or lightning, through the heavens torn,
Reveals the beauty of the storm.

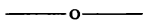
The forest on the mountain side
Lifts high its leafy head;
In autumn blushes like a bride;
And when the leaves are dead,
The soft white mantle of the plain
Is proof their death was not in vain.

And Nature's laws, with wondrous heed,
A latent beauty store;
The flowers droop, but in their seed
They live to bloom once more.
And beauty stored within the brain,
In memory breaks forth again.

In Beauty's realm each changing force
Exists within the mind,
And love is the eternal source
In which each different kind
Of beauty finds its pristine birth,
And is sent forth to bless the earth.

And love and beauty through the world
 Move onward hand in hand,
 And breathe upon the human soul,
 That man may understand,
 In earth, as in the heaven above,
 All things are beautiful through love.

—*Adna Ferrin Weber.*



SONNET.

(To my chum's piano.)

IF thou couldst know what oft of thee I crave,
 Then surely wouldst thou lasting quiet keep,
 And thereby comfort one who oft would weep
 When thy sweet power doth drive from studies grave,
 Doth steal 'way thoughts of quiz, and makes me slave
 To that voluptuous might which puts to sleep
 When most I should my senses keep.

"No! No!" I cry. "To learn one must be brave!"
 Vainly I plead. Though long and earnestly I pray,
 Thou hast no pity, mercy for poor me.
 Thy melody doth swell; like one ensnared,
 I lift my feeble head, but still as prey
 Fall to thine o'erwhelming mastery
 And thus at quiz to-morrow must murmur, "*Not pre-
 pared.*"

—*Charles Joseph Levy.*

LUKE THE PURITAN.

OH, he was a squire of high degree,
 That fit in the wars of the old country.
 But he was as plain as he could be.
 This squire of the older time.
 He loved fair Rose of the sancy lip,
 But he saw his love to the altar trip.
 With John of the Hall, and he smote his hip,
 And hated all womankind.
 So he reformed from his soul to his toes,
 And married a girl with a big hook nose
 To help him forget the dainty Rose
 That bloomed by the garden wall.
 She made him hate all women worse,
 So he saddled his horse with a mighty curse,
 And rode to the wars, and here my verse
 Must leave my Puritan.

—*Herbert Crombie Howe.*

A SNOWFLAKE.

A MERRY, dancing, tiny thing,
 That floats down through the silent air,
 Or, fanned by passing breeze's wing,
 Is lightly borne, now here, now there.
 Before she nears the dull brown earth,
 She rises up and seeks to find
 The higher realms that gave her birth,
 With others of her kind.

About she twirls in mad'ning maze,
Till wearied, like a dove at night,
That scarce its snowy head can raise,
In foreign cuntry stays its flight,
Nor thinks how home may be attained.
So she now sinks (slow is her fall)
Until the hostile ground is gained,
O'erspread with autumn's loathsome pall.
And there she lies; but 'tis not long—
She melts from sight, the one most fair
Of all that wilful, gladsome throng
That danced so gaily in mid-air.
Ah! many souls to me, it seems,
Like her to heavens high have grown,
Whom Fate called from their idle dreams,
And cast upon a world unknown,
Whence, all too tender to remain,
They silently have passed away
As she—not fashioned for the pain
Of contact with Earth's cruel clay.

--*Bertha Marion Brock.*

—o—

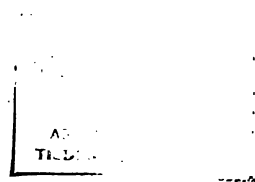
ON A BUST OF A. D. W.

(In the Cornell Library.)

IN marble cold of spotless white,
Carved by a master hand,
How many a student will delight
To trace the marks of spirit grand,
Of rarest culture in the land,

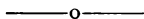


The University Library.



Of high resolve and purpose strong
To aid the right, to conquer wrong,
To stand the good of earth among;
But, ah, how little can reveal
The poet with his metred song,
Or sculptor with unfeeling steel:
The generous heart is never known
By gazing on the sculptured stone;
That power that makes the meanest feel
There is a something better far
Than wealth and fame and knowledge are,
That makes the proudest-hearted own
The sway of feelings that enthrone
The princely brotherhood of man.

—*Louis Carl Ehle.*



AT THE ARMORY.

THE under classman's face grows bright;
About his lips a smile doth play;
His eyes have caught the joyful words
Upon the board: "No drill to-day."

—*A. H. F.*

A LOGICAL COURTSHIP.

(Dedicated to the Sophomores.)

BARBARA was a lovely girl who had a Perfect Figure,
Her mouth a smile, her hair in curl, and pretty
as a picture.

Now, weary of my Singular Term, I'd paid her oft attention,

Till her father asked me, plain and firm, my Meaning
and Intention.

A Proposition seemed to me—a Universal one, too—
Most Valid for us both to be, would I the dearest girl
woo.

One day I chanced to meet my love—Per Accidens, just
mind—

And kissed by sunny skies above and fanned by mild
soft wind,

We sat beneath the branches of the Tree of Porphyry,
And in the magic spell of love were happy as could be.
I stole a kiss; she blushed and said: "That process is
Illicit!"

And yet she did not move her head; what could I do
but kiss it?

These words then in her ear I sighed: "'T must either
be or not be,"

While Euler's Diagrams I tried (my arm around her
waist—see?)

She looked first thoughtful, then looked glad: what
answer did she deign to give?

Oh, lucky man! Oh, rapture mad! that Particular
Affirmative.

—Benjamin Nathan.

FOOTBALL REQUISITES.

WHAT makes a model football man?
A massive frame, built on a plan
Like that the Grecian gods assumed
When warring 'gainst a city doomed;
The muscles strong as braided wire,
And limbs which never seem to tire;
Rapidity of hand and eye,
And feet that fairly seem to fly;
Endurance to withstand each shock,
Unyielding as the solid rock,—
'Tis only traits like these that can
Combine to make a football man.

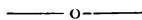
What makes a model football man?
A heart, that since it first began
With life the body to supply,
Has beat with courage pure and high;
A pluck that will not learn defeat
From any team that one may meet;
Which risks the limbs, and laughs at pain,
Nor hesitates to try again;
And college spirit fostered well,
Like that which thrives at old Cornell,—
'Tis only traits like these that can
Combine to make a football man.

—*Adna Ferrin Weber.*

MY TRUE LOVE.

THOU, my sweet one, when thou'rt near me,
Naught but joy my heart can find;
Naught but bliss can then steal o'er me,
All my cares are left behind.

Let these lips once more caress thee;
Come thou, soothe my troubled breast.
Thou, my pipe, again I bless thee;
'Mong all my loves, I love thee best.



CONDITIONED.

TO summer's brief joys I give court,
And each day seems the same repetition
Of pleasures, when, lo! my report—
It shows I've incurred a condition!

A yearning will come, as I pore
Over tomes of most drear erudition,
For tennis. I'll study no more;
To-morrow I'll Bohn that condition.

Fair maids show me cool, shady nooks,
And they hold me in happy submission—
A lover. Away with dull books;
I ne'er will take up my condition.

Vacation has faded away;
 Alas! I've not paid my tuition—
 Professor, oh! why did you say
 I've failed to pass off my condition!

—H. R. H.

—o—

THAT VOICE.

SITTING alone in my study,
 In the lamplight's mellow glow,
 My thoughts are wandering backward
 To the scenes of long ago.

And I think of that one short season
 When the world was bright and gay;
 All things seemed good, and shadows
 Ne'er crossed my onward way.

And again from out the stillness
 That voice comes still and sweet;
 Words that are never forgotten,
 Words one can never repeat.

No words of scorn or pity,
 No words of scorn or fear,
 But words of love and kindness
 In that soft, sweet voice I hear.

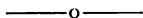
Heaven grant, when this life is over,
 And I pass from this earth here below,
 I will meet in that land over yonder
 That voice of those days long ago.

—Amy Gerecke.

THE MODEL STUDENT.

NO nights up late unless at books,
 No brain chock full of empty nooks,
 No smoking deadly cigarettes,
 No pitching cents or making bets,
 No smoking pipes on college walks,
 No library-disturbing talks,
 No taking, from the stand, umbrellas,
 No "changing" hats with other fellows,
 No poker chips' right merry clinks,
 No drowning sorrow down at Zinck's.
 No Bohn's edition, nor a horse,
 No ponies, cribs, or cuts—or worse;
 No slang, no oaths, no talk that's shoddy:
 In fact, no other than—Nobody!

--*Benjamin Nathan.*



CORNELLSCHMERTZ.

(Among a collection of landscapes)

THE long room stretches into dusky gloom,
 The soft light falls in glorifying rays
 On paintings, etchings, bits of light and shade,
 Suggestions of an artist's dreamy days.

I revel in the color richness there

I revel at Art's cunning that has caught

The hues of sunset, wood and hill and field,

Their deepest meaning on mere canvas wrought.

But while I gaze, from every line and tint
Remembrance doth a dearer story tell.
Each picture calls a memory, dim or bright,
Of happy comradeship with thee, Cornell.

Wide placid rivers winding far away,
Blue sparkling lake depths, white foam dashed on high,
Mean fair Cayuga in its varying moods,
Responsive to the moods of changing sky.

In wood crowned hills, in valley's gentle lap,
In meadow's green, in rolling upland's swell,
I see the setting which has made thy name
Mean all of beauty and of charm, Cornell.

I catch a glimpse of Enfield's rocky gorge
In cliffs that tower abruptly to the sky;
Each mountain stream in glen or deep ravine,
Is Cascadilla's torrent rushing by.

Dark hemlock boughs bend 'neath their weight of snow,
As o'er thy winding paths on wintry days,
Here flame the autumn tints, there lie the warm brown
woods
As in thy Indian summer's faint blue haze.

This after-glow that melts in purple dusk,
Whose soft dark veil o'er lake and valley lies,
Where but beyond thy sloping western hills
Could bloom such tender violets in the skies?

Hark ! surely those are chimes. From neighboring square
Peals forth the voice of sweet toned vesper bell,
But not *thy* chimes. Swift rush the sudden tears,
Ah ! happy, happy days with thee, Cornell.

SUNDAY.

(In Ithaca.)

'TIS Sunday; all the world is stilled,
A calm breathes o'er the air;
With tranquil peace my heart is filled,
Good will towards all I bear.
All nature rests; the shrubs and trees
Add quiet to the day;
I dream in happy, peaceful ease
With thoughts far, far away.
Ah, silence works a mighty charm
On such men as I am;
No sound—but what's that wild alarm?
“El-mi-i-ra Tele-gra-a-m.”

—Benjamin Nathan.

—o—

THE CHIMES OF CORNELL.

(Written by C. F. Allen, '73, and read at the first annual dinner of the Rocky Mountain Cornell Alumni Association, Denver, Col.)

I T was in the ripening autumn
Of the year of '69,
That I saw the Cornell campus
With some anxious friends of mine.
In the sight of fair Cayuga,
Robed in mysteries of blue,
We filed our entrance papers
With the little that we knew.

THE CHIMES OF CORNELL.

51

The years have fled like eagles,
In a dozen varying climes;
But we still may hear the ringing
Of the unforgotten chimes.

On the hills of Newfield, faintly,
On the bosom of the lake,
Like the footbells of a fairy,
Would their dying echoes break.

In the deep, eternal canon,
By the sea's sad, sounding shore,
They have rung their changes often
As they never rung of yore.

O'er the trail of high Sierras,
Where the patient burro climbs,
We have heard the unseen swinging,
We have heard the Cornell chimes.

I start sometimes and listen
To the ponderous middle bell;
Then the sweet face of its giver
Is awakened by the spell,

Or the minor tones ring sadly,
For another's vanished life;
For her gifts despoil in giving
At the shameless hands of strife.

But their warm hearts speak forever,
In a flood of mellow hymns;
They are still small voices mingled
In the aria of their chimes.

We have passed sometimes so closely
To the reaper's cruel scythe;
We have faced the storm and darkness—
We have saved alone the tithe.

We may sow the grain in gladness,
But we reap with weary hands,
Knotting in our stricken lilies,
With the golden harvest-bands.

Yet the sun need not be hidden,
Nor the stars in troublous times,
There is courage born of music,
There is magic in the chimes.

They uplift the misty curtains,
From the fair expanse of years;
There are hands outstretched to help us,
There are eyes that fill with tears.

The soldier dies exultant,
With a kiss upon his lips;
The sailor sinks undaunted,
For the white sails of his ships.

In the perfumed fields of summer,
In the winter's sleet and rimes,
Let our hearts be strong and brave,
For the far-off Cornell chimes.

A MYSTERY SOLVED.

ONE winter's day as the sun went down
 And the shadows grew deep on hill and glade,
 A hapless stranger in the town
 Beneath the Barnes Hall portal strayed,
 And heard borne from the gloom o'erhead
 Wild sounds, that filled his soul with dread.

Wild cries and shrieks were heard aloft,
 With prayers and groans and yells,
 And sounds unutterable, as oft
 Of horrid murder tells,
 Of ghosts unburied, who e'er more
 Must wander on the Stygian shore.

The stranger crossed himself in fear.
 "What devils howl at even dim?
 What are those awful sounds I hear?"
 A smiling student answered him,
 "Those fearful sounds the night winds bring?
 Why that's the Glee Club practicing."

—L.

— o —

TO A CARNATION.

MODEST flower
 Of lasting worth,
 Of richest dye,
 Though born of earth.

CORNELL VERSE.

The fairest rose
 That ever grew
 Can tell not half
 That's told by you.

Thy meaning is
 Affection pure
 That lives and lasts,
 A love that's sure.

--Kennedy Furlong Rubert.

— o —

BOATING SONG.

JOLLY Cornell students
 In the days of yore,
 On Cayuga's waters
 Plied the splashing oar;
 Over bars and shallows
 Where the white foam flew,
 There our gallant coxswain
 Steered the Cornell crew.

Gone are Cornell yachtsmen,
 Gone the days of yore;
 Still our jolly sailors
 Cruising 'round ashore,
 When perchance at Casey's
 Or at Zinckie's are,
 Steer their foaming schooner
 O'er the perilous bar.

—A. A. C.

BALLAD OF SPRING.

A BLAST of snow,
 A drop of rain,
A stormy blow,
 Some snow again,
A balmy breeze,
 A dash of hail,
A zero freeze,
 An autumn gale,
A slippery glare,
 A sea of mud,
A morning fair,
 A spring-time flood,
A tempest lower,
 A frosty nip,
An April shower,
 A sullen drip:—

When mixed and mingled with every ill,
 And seasoned with maladies dismal and fell,
 All emptied at once o'er the brow of the hill,
 Make up the weather we have at Cornell.

—*Anon.*

— o —

AN IDYLL.

WHILE strolling down the village street,
 I met a maid of face so sweet,
 Whose dress was pretty and so neat,
 I stopped—now wouldn't you?

With gentle sigh did I entreat,
That she me to a kiss would treat,
And thus my happiness complete,
She did—now wouldn't you?

But turning 'round with glance discreet,
I saw her dad, with club to beat,
And as I wished not thus to meet,
I ran—now wouldn't you?

——o——

THE CORNELL CHIMES.

EACH coming morn I list in vain,
To hear the old bells ringing,
For jingling rhymes
Of college chimes
Are memories now of by-gone times;
A far off lingering refrain
Of song no bells are singing.

Each noon again I miss their cheer,
Their sunny message falling,
With magic spell
On ears, where dwell
Faint echoes speaking of Cornell,
Of men and things now doubly dear,
Since lost beyond recalling.

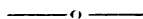
But 'tis at eve, when sets the sun,
That most I miss their greeting;



Driveway to Sage College.

Their silence speaks of months and weeks,
Which fondly now my memory seeks,
Where bells and waters blend in one
O'er rocky gorges meeting.

—*Courtney Langdon.*



THE OXALIS.

MOTHER Nature's youngest baby,
Rosy little child,
Up at daybreak, bright and early,
On the grassy wild.

Laughing softly with the sunbeams,
Hiding, when they frown.
In the long grass, where the drone dreams
Till the sun goes down.

All day its little petals
Redden in the sun.
Till the restful evening settles
And the day is done.

Then it closes leaves and petals
As round the shadows creep.
Till again the morning hours
Wake it from its sleep.

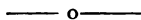
—*William Courtney Langdon Jr.*

A GOOD EXAMPLE.

THIS race between the different "frats"
 Is running to excess;
 Too oft a man is pressed by *all*
 Before *one* gets his "yes."

Learn wisdom of the weaker sex;
 With them, though 'tis distressing,
 One always has to get the "yes"
 Before one does the pressing.

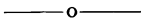
—*John Alan Hamilton.*



HIS PRIVILEGE.

I SAW *him* kiss her, what cared I
 'Though she did kiss another?
 I'd still a finger in the pie—
 That fellow was her brother.

—*John Kneeland Garnsey.*



"HE WHO HESITATES—!"

STANDS my love upon the stair,
 Smiles a rougish, tempting greeting;
 Only dared I kiss her there,
 Do you think she'd care?
 Chances are so rare and fleeting.
 Ah! too late; her mother's there.

—*John Alan Hamilton.*

A DILEMMA.

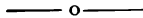
WHICH one to take, the dark or fair?
 I stood bereft of action,
 For they were each of beauty rare;
 To choose one was distraction.

Which one should rest upon my breast
 To hear my heart's wild beating;
 To hold around my neck entwined?
 But choose I must—time's fleeting.

Select which one to hold my hand
 To squeeze and press to tightness,
 Which one to take to clasp my neck
 In pure and stainless whiteness.

But choose, and end this wild suspense,
 Dost hesitate 'twixt love and dollars?
 No: But 'tis such a strain to pick
 One's evening neck-ties, gloves, and collars.

—*Benjamin Nathan.*



SERENADE.

THERE is a star I love as mine,
 For earth is bright where'er it shine;
 But if a cloud obscure its spark
 Then all the world to me is dark.
 A lovely face the single light;
 Her smile is day, her frown is night.

There is a bell to me most dear,
Whose tones ring out with love and cheer
For joyful heart—but sadly toll
In harmony with Sorrow's soul.
A maiden's voice, this sweet-toned bell
Wherein both joy and sadness dwell.

—William Courtney Langdon, Jr.

—o—

A CONSTANT HEART.

LET him who will sing beauty's praise,
In honeyed word and heated phrase
Her virtues tell;
But thou, my muse, thy accents raise
To sing that star of quenchless rays—
A constant heart.

Ah, well may beauty please us when
Fond peace to mirth looks love again,
And all is bright;
But when dull care and sorrow blend
T' oppress my soul, oh give me then
A constant heart.

When summer skies and smiling seas
Bring gladness to my hours of ease,
Let beauty smile;
With sadder days my soul there'll seize
A longing nought but thou'll appease,
A constant heart.

TO A DEAD BIRD.

61

How soon upon Time's wid'ning sea
Do beauty's charms take wings and flee,
By care o'ercome;
'Mid billows of adversity,
Then brighter still thy beams will be,
O constant heart.

When dark and drear my life-road seems,
And hope withholds her precious gleams
I sadly muse,
Then like the smiles of angels' beams
A vision bright that comes in my dreams
Of a constant heart.

Then sing I not vain beauty's praise--
A thing that fades with summer days
And soon is gone;
But through life's dubious gloomy maze
Be thou my star of quenchless rays
O constant heart!

—*F. Clay.*

— o —

TO A DEAD BIRD.

SWEET bird, in life, thy tuneful voice
Has bid the woods and meads rejoice,
Has greeted glad the new-born day,
Has sung at evening's parting ray,
In notes that cheer the gloom away.
Perhaps thy wings rejoicing bore
Thy form thro' fields of air to soar;

Or when the sun had sunk to rest,
Laying thy head upon thy breast,
Hast passed in innocent sleep the night,
And rising ere the morning light
Thy simple song in thanks hast given
That move the very heart of heaven.
But every joy must end at last,
And now thy happy life is past;
Beside me lies thy graceful form,
Once flushed with joyous life and warm.
The rain has soiled thy once fair crest,
And dreary nights have chilled thy breast;
Yet earth has taken thee to rest
And formed for thee a loving nest;
The sun doth shine with sadder light,
Since thou art taken from his sight;
The wind, once rude, has gentler grown,
And softened more his dreary moan
Since thou, sweet bird, hast stilled thy breath
In the *ne'er-ending sleep* of death.

Thus run my thoughts in study brown;
Dissecting knives have fallen down,
The bird untouched upon the slab—
Is this the way I work at lab:
Day-dreaming at my work so soon
This warm and drowsy afternoon.

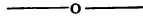
—Robert James Kellogg.

AT VESPERS.

IN the shadowy aisle she's kneeling
 While the organ soft is pealing,
 And the notes come faintly stealing
 Through the heavy scented air.

From the windows manifold
 Blazoned there in blue and gold,
 Heroes, martyrs, saints of old,
 Watch the maiden at her prayer.

—*Jared Van Wageningen, Jr.*



SUNSET.

AS I musing gaze through the sun-lighted haze
 That fill Ganseraga's valley,
 At the hills all aglow, and the earth down below,
 O'er which purpling mists, far and near, rally,
 While the grass-clad hills and the trees and the rills,
 In the sunset, gleam, green or sparkling,
 Like the paradise on earth, of the Bethlehem of birth
 Of sweet peace, an earth era marking;
 In the blissful trance, the bewildered glance,
 Deceived by the shimmer and mist,
 Sees faces divine with brightest light shine,
 And forms ne'er by earth-light kissed;
 And the soaring soul, beyond the cloud scroll,
 Partakes of the joys of the blest.

—*Robert H. Tremain.*

A NEW WAY TO PUT IT.

THERE she sat, with sweet surprise
Mixed with the mischief in her eyes;
While before her he stood calm,
Holding in his outstretched palm
A tiny circlet made of gold,
Chased with figures quaint and old.
“ ‘Twas my grandma’s ring,” he said,
Then quite low, with face grown red,
“This offering now to you I bring,
Plead with *you* to take this ring.”
From her face the laughter died
As she turned her face aside,
Slowly took the proffered band;
Slipped it on her bare white hand;
“That is right, for don’t you see,
I can now your grandma be.”

—Amy Gerecke.

— o —

ON THE “INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY.”

AS organ tones with deep melodious roll
Through cloistered aisles with holy shadows dim,
So with immortal longings comes this hymn
And sinks with mellowed music in the soul.

—Robert Adger Bowen.

WHEN MORNING BREAKS.

WHEN morning breaks what fortune waits for me?
 What ships shall rise from out the misty sea?
 What friends shall clasp my hand in fond farewell?
 What dream-wrought castles, as night's clouds dispel,
 Shall raise their sun-kissed towers upon the lea?
 To-night the moon-queen shining wide and free,
 To-night the sighing breeze, the song, and thee;
 But time is brief. What cometh, who can tell,
 When morning breaks?
 To-night, to-night, then happy let us be!
 To-night, to-night, life's shadowy cares shall flee!
 And though the dawn come in with chime or knell,
 When night recalls its last bright sentinel
 I shall, at least, have memories left to me,
 When morning breaks.

— *Edward A. Raleigh.*

— o —

WATCHING.

SINCE you have passed without my gate
 Dearest, my heart is desolate,
 Lo, I do naught but watch and wait
 Until, perchance, you come again.
 For if, while I am waiting, he
 Who took you from the library
 Brings you, umbrella, back to me,
 My watching shall not be in vain.

— *H. J. O'Brien.*

AN ENCORE.

I.

A PARLOR bright
With fire-light;
A maiden on tip-toe;
A vision fair,
With arms in air,
She twines the mistletoe.

II.

The chandelier's
Bright polished spheres
Are crowned with berries white,—
A ring is heard
And like a bird
She flutters out of sight.

III.

A manly form
In ulster warm
The next room occupies;
From pocket, lo,
Some mistletoe
He draws with laughing eyes.

IV.

Then deftly o'er
The curtained door
The vine is hung with care,
And list'ning ear
Can faintly hear
Her footfall on the stair.

V.

The toll he sips
From unspoiled lips
Ere they can frame a "No;"
O fleeting bliss—
A stolen kiss
Beneath the mistletoe.

VI.

Remorseful he,
Indignant she—
But grants him pardon's boon.
With some delay
She leads the way
Into the other room.

VII.

An upward glance—
Could it be chance?—
Her eyes are drooping lower;
What could he do?
Ah, what would you
But render an encore?

—James Parker Hall.

— o —

A LOVER'S SERENADE.

SLEEP, lady mine, at thy lattice caressing
The breeze flower perfumed shall linger and die,
A nightingale sings in the distance expressing
A music the ages have failed to outvie.

Sleep sweet, and dream, 'tis to thee he is singing—
 May no harsher sounds on thy dreams ever break—
 Though the Queen Rose, below the old tree where he's
 swinging,
 Imagines the bird-song is all for her sake.

Dorothy sleep, for thy bedside attending
 Good angels surround and will guard thee from harm—
 May thy life so be nought but a joy-dream unending
 With never a shadow or thought to alarm.
 Sleep love, the breeze at thy lattice ablowing
 Is a lullaby sung to my love by the night,
 And the stars in the wide arch of heaven aglowing,
 Shall echo the song for the dreamer's delight.

—*Edward A. Raleigh.*

— o —

HOMEWARD.

WINDING Cayuga! in the fading light,
 As south we bear to scenes we hold most dear,
 'Neath the red west, before our weary sight
 The ruddy waters of thy lake appear.

And as we wind by shore and wooded height,
 Far up the steep, where first the darkness falls,
 Backed by the gloom, penciled upon the night,
 Hail we with joy our Alma Mater's walls.

—*A. G. Eames.*

LOVE'S RECOMPENSE.

*" 'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all."*

A STRAIN of music just at eventide;
A whisper of dead sighs; a tender face
Brown coroneled and queenly in its pride;
A form that ever starts from my embrace,
Yet ever haunts me with its maddening grace;
Past years that live again in memory's glow—
God grant that I forget them for a space,
For Daisy has forgotten long ago.

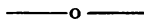
The purpled ships that swam the outer tide
At night, at dawn have gained the inner space.
And safe within the harbor walls they ride.
Then on the deck one sees a longed-for face;
The wandering friend returns to his embrace.—
I cannot hope for morning since I know
The dream is false with all its winning grace.
For Daisy has forgotten long ago.

Forgotten how I lingered by her side
And lived but in the sunshine of her grace;
Forgotten! Ah, though year on year divide
To-day from them, though mile on mile of space
Between us lies, I still can see her face
In all my dreams, and cannot overthrow
The idol though I've lost my love's embrace—
For Daisy has forgotten long ago.

L'ENVOI.

Yet Fate, thou hast been kind to show her face
That I might have the memory of its grace.
The sun is set, but there's the afterglow,
And I may glory in its light a space—
Though Daisy *has* forgotten long ago.

—*Edward A. Raleigh.*



REFLECTIONS.

LINGERING 'neath the shaded bower,
I view the scenes so old and dear.
The chimes from yonder high clock-tower
Give welcome music, soft and clear.

The scenes are old, yet life is new;
For early friends whom first we found,
Have passed the little cycle through,
And left to us the open ground.

The past is gone beyond control,
The future only beckons you.
Then with a purpose firm and bold
We'll enter what we have to do.

Though most of us a sadness feel,
In missing friends who've gone before,
We'll buckle on the arms of steel,
And struggle onward as of yore.

—*Emma S. Miller.*



McGraw Hall.

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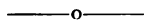
WHEN EVENING FALLS.

WHEN evening falls what joys will fade away?
 What thoughts will vanish with the busy day?
 What hopeful visions of the night before
 Await to haunt us at the chamber door,
 When evening falls?

To-day is fortune open unto all,
 To-day we gaily rise or sadly fall.
 The moments fly, what cometh, who can say,
 When evening falls?

To-day, to-day, ambition doth arise?
 To-day, to-day, our hopes are sunny skies;
 And swiftly as the night-born fancies flee
 We face the world, and stern reality,
 And scorn to fear our own defeated cries,
 When evening falls.

—*Norman Hutchinson*, '97.



VICTORIBUS SPOLIA SUNT.

(Another verse of a familiar song.)

THERE are the Freshmen, we know them too;
 They are a good class, tried and true.
 I have heard the people say
 When they go to heaven, they will own the milky way.

—*Oscar H. Fernback*, '96.

AN IDYLL.

I STOOD in the mellow sunset's glow,
And over the meadow, rich and fair,
Came, as comes evening, soft and slow
The tinkle of cow bells, sweet and clear.

By the bars I stood, with the golden light
Fading but slowly on the view,
As I looked across toward the sunset bright,
Whence she came, quiet as evening dew.

At length she stood by the bars, let down,
Gazing at me with reproachful look.
Her eyes were large and tender and brown,
And I read them plain as an open book.

I lifted unhallowed hands to her brow,
Caressing as only a lover can,
And I rubbed her ears, that old brown cow,
For I was the milkman's hired man.

— Stanley Shepard.

— o —

PURGATORY vs. DRILL.

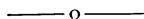
ST. Peter stood at Heaven's gate,
With golden key in hand,
When came a spirit worn with toil,
Who'd shuffled off this mortal coil
And sought the Promised Land.

Spake Peter: "Ere to Paradise
 An entrance thou canst win,
 First must thou prove that thou hast made,
 In Purgatory's gruesome shade,
 Atonement for thy sin."

"Alas!" the spirit cried, "Of grief
 My cup has had its fill;
 I was a student at Cornell,
 And there, unto my lot there fell
 Two weary years at drill!"

"Enough! Enough!" St. Peter cried,
 And opened wide the gate.
 And may these lines of truth sincere
 The underclassmen serve to cheer,
 Who now bemoans his fate.

—Oscar H. Fernback.



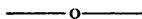
SOCIETY.

SOCIETY, thy fickle hand
 Can draw another to thy band,
 But cast him out in case he be
 A traitor to thy maxims three:
 First, let his heart be cold as steel,
 But coated o'er with love unreal;
 Then let his hateful pride appear
 And scorn to drop the poor a tear;
 Last, let him pay his false respect
 To hide his reputation wrecked.

—Norman Hutchinson, '97.

REJOICING.

UNFURL the starry banner
And fling it to the breeze;
Let everyone be joyful
On land and on the seas.
No more I live in sadness,
I've banished fear and dread;
You ask me, why this gladness?
Her father's bull-dog's dead!
—Oscar H. Fernback.



DIFFERENT.

The Youth:

FAIR rose, I envy thee,
And wish, that in thy stead
I did adorn that head;
Then I content would be.

The Rose:

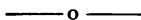
Rash youth, beware!
Wert thou but in my place,
And didst this top-knot grace,
Thou wouldst find out apace
She wears false hair.

—Oscar H. Fernback.

AFTER THE BALL.

AFTER the ball is over,
After the touch-down's made,
After the frenzied slogans
Into the silence fade,
Many a heart grows weary
To hear the umpire call:
"Off-side play! 'Tis not allowed!
Cornell loses the ball!"

— *Oscar H. Fernback.*



COLLEGE HEROES.

OH, blithe was the morn on the college hill,
And the sun shone never so clear;
Its beams shot now o'er the hilltop's brow,
And glinted along the Frontenac's prow,
As she sped out lone and still.

But it's not of the lake or the hill I sing,
But the vale that lies between;
And part thereof where the breezes sough,
On the hardy athletes with sinews tough,
As they sped like birds on the wing.

Where the noble knight of the oval sphere,
Strikes boldly through the lines,
Bears off the prize before the eyes
Of his weighty opponent of twice his size,
While the hills echo back with the cheer.

And when each one of those twenty-two men
 Regardless of each other's pain,
 Falls on his frame without pity or shame,
 He decides to himself he is "playing the game,"
 But will never know health again.

They bear him off to the dressing room,
 They anxiously watch him now;
 There's a vacant stare in his blue eyes fair,
 And he runs his hands thro' his long, dark hair,
 As if rendering a sentence with *cum*.

His face now lights with a sudden shock,
 He struggles hard to speak;
 The words come slow, but are words that glow
 In the hearts of these men and inspire them so,
 "Can I go to Princeton, Doc?"

—
 We honor our 'leven, we'll stand by our team,
 We've faith in their power to glide up the stream;
 And anon, though defeat may be met, yet we know
 That adversity comes to all mortals below,
 And the merit is here, that we rise up unharmed,
 And strike out and onward in no way alarmed.

— *Wendell Melville Strong.*

— o —

REVERIE.

I SAT in peaceful silence,
 Within my old armchair,
 And heard the merry evening chimes
 Ring out upon the air;

PASSION.

77

But as their song, in sweetest tones,
Came floating from the tower,
'Twas sudden hushed, and all was still:
The clock had struck the hour.

Too oft, alas, before on earth
Our mission is fulfilled,
Though sweetest then its music sounds,
Our song of life is stilled.
May thy sweet symphony, dear heart,
Attain its haven's shore,
Ere the bright music of thy soul
Is hushed forever more.

—Oscar H. Fernback.



PASSION.

STORM on, bluster, angry gale;
Roar and whistle, shriek and wail;
Tear the limbs from off the trees,
Break their mangled bodies; seize
Them in thy giant arms
And hurl them far adown the vale.

For in my heart are wild commotions;
Heaves my breast with fierce emotions;
The angry passions in me swell,
Ah, would I could my feelings tell:
Ah, curse him—may all harm
Be on him—he who stole my umbrell.

—Anon.

ALUMNI SONG.

I AM thinking to-night of my old college town,
I am dreaming of days that have flown,
Of the joys and the strife
Of my old college life,
Ah, those days were the best I have known.

CHORUS.

Then here is the toast we will drink,
A good rousing health to Cornell,
Let your glasses clink,
A good excuse I think;
Is a toast to her we all love so well.

I am thinking again of that valley so sweet,
I am dreaming of joys that were fleet,
Of the friends that I knew
By that lake fair and blue,
Ah ! would once again we could meet.—CHO.

I'm rejoicing to-night o'er her victories again,
Though I helped not the triumph to gain;
I will shout with my might
For carnellian and white,
And her honor will ever maintain.—CHO.

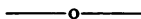
—*Louis Carl Ehle.*

THAT LOCKER COMBINATION.

'TWAS downstairs in the Annex; he was a Freshman
small,

The combination of his lock his mind would not recall,
But sadly he remembered, how the very day before,
He wrote that combination, on the *inside* of the door.

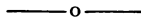
—Oscar H. Fernback.



WHO IS SHE?

SHE isn't an angel,
She isn't a goddess,
She isn't a lily, a rose or a pearl;
She is simply what's sweetest,
Completest, and neatest,
A dear little, sweet little girl.

—Anon.



MYE VALENTYNE.

I TUNED mye lyre, invoked mye muse
To wryte a valentyne,
Ande thoughte to sende an offerynge
Woulde gladde mye trew luves eyne,—

I'de draw an imagerye in wordes,
In wordes woulde picture howe
Her image on mye hearte was stamped—
Telle her mye sweeteste dreames,—Ande howe
I fynde thatte alle vayne fymillies
Have vanyshed into aire,
For fancye's selfe cannot describe
Whatte is thanne alle more fayre.
For howe canne starlyte's sylver glare
Be lykened to those eyes
Where myrth ande gentlenesse looke forthe
Ande Trewths deepe, fyres, aryse,
Or howe to a lylie whyte thatte browe
Thatte canne with womanne's grace
Speak noble thoughts, or fulle as ofte
Expresse sweet sympathie;—her face
Howe canne I lyke to summer's skye
Knowinge cloudes ofte crosse the bleu
Ande cloudes I knowe before her, smyle
Woulde vanysh lyke the dewe!
Though muse ande fancye bothe forsake
I styлле wille notte despaire,
More humbler messengers wille I
Employe mye thoughtes to bear.
Iffe Poesie refuse to lende
Her magik to mye penne,
Whye honeste *glasse* ande *quick-sylver*,
Shalle calle up to her ken
The fayreste vysion of them alle
Ande there before her eyes
Shalle she beholde mye valentyne
Inne its simplest sweetest guise.

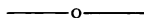
A COLLEGE ROWING SONG.

81

L'ENVOIE.

So a mirrore wille I sende mye lue
My sweetest dreams to bear,
Ande seeinge her reflectione in'te
She'll see my hearte layed bare!

—*Francis Clay.*



A COLLEGE ROWING SONG.

FIRMLY catch and swiftly pull
The polished, pliant, springing oar
While the muscles swell out full,
And the heart throbs more and more;
Up the stream with rhythmic swing
Sweet as music in the night,
While the straining rowlocks ring,
And the blood leaps in delight,
With the old, long stroke,
With the old, long stroke,
That shall bring us in as winners, boys,
At last.

Soon will come that burning day
When the pistol shot will crack,
And our boat will rush away,
As we strain each brawny back,
Pulling as we ne'er before
Pulled, yet still with form and grace,—
Every soul in every oar,
Flying down to win the race,

CORNELL VERSE.

With the old, long stroke,
With the old, long stroke,
That shall bring us in as winners, boys,
At last.

So, when rowing here is done,
And we seek the sea of life,
Where our prizes must be won
In a swifter stream of strife,
We shall labor as of yore,
Grim resolve on every face,
Bending bravely to the oar,
Pulling hard to win the race,
With the old, long stroke,
With the old, long stroke,
That shall bring us in as winners, boys,
At last.

—W. J. H.

— o —

IN JUNIOR YEAR.

I N Junior year, ah, fancies light,
The soul unfettered, spirits bright;
Dwells aught of doubt or fear or night
In Junior year?

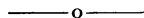
The storms of boyhood's age are past,
Youth's doubts and fears away are cast,
And budding manhood blooms at last,
In Junior year.

Desiring but ourselves to please,
On every impulse light we seize ;
We smoke and take the world with ease,
In Junior year.

But 'mid the smoke wreaths as they rise,
With light as soft as evening skies,
There often smiles a pair of eyes,
In Junior year.

And as at dawn the brightness breaks
With quickening glow o'er summer lakes,
So love within the heart awakes,
In Junior year.

—*William Grant Barney.*



WITHIN THE VALLEY.

WITHIN the valley, wide and fair,
The meadows stretch, and flows then thro'
A little creek with winding blue
Swept by the willows' falling hair.
Soft slopes the light, a glory pale,
From burnished hills o'er stream and dale.

Within the valley curves a lake
Whose waters bright with sunshine gleam
And, like the cadence of a dream,
Upon the shore in silver break ;
And 'gainst a city's restless side,
Ripples from dawn till eventide.

Within the valley, church bells chime,
And thro' its purple shroud of haze,
Rises unceasing through the days
The busy hum of passing time.
But calmer there the sunset bright,
And silent shine its lights throughout the night.

—*Oreola Williams.*

— o —

“SOMEBODY.”

SOMEBODY told me, one bright summer day,—
Was he in earnest, or only in play?—
“You’re an angel, my darling!” I turned half away
But I couldn’t say “No sir.” Could you?

Somebody said that the moments were bliss
Spent by the side of a certain young miss;
Then somebody teased for “Just one little kiss,”
And I couldn’t say “No sir.” Could you?

Somebody told me he wanted a wife,
To be only somebody’s all through her life;
And somehow I yielded without any strife,
For somehow I couldn’t say, “No sir.” Could you?

—*Anon.*



View from Boardman Hall, looking North.

THE
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NEW YORK

THREE TRIOLETS.

HE (*aside*).

SHE looks "up to it," quite,
 Just a kiss before parting;
 If I read her aright,
 She looks "up to it," quite,
 Just one kiss—for good-night;
 Dare I try before starting?
 She looks "up to it," quite,
 Just a kiss before parting.

SHE (*aside*).

Oh, why *are* men so slow?
 Can't he see that I'm waiting?
 Dear! he's rising to go.
 Oh, why *are* men so slow?
 If he *could* only know,
 He'd not stand there debating.
 Oh, why *are* men so slow?
 Can't he see that I'm waiting?

BOTH (*several minutes later*).

Where's the harm in a kiss,
 Just one kiss for good-night?
 If it comes down to this,
Where's the harm in a kiss?
 We're quite sure naught's amiss,
 If you take it aright;
 Where's the harm in a kiss,
 Just one kiss for good-night?

--John Alan Hamilton.

OBLIVION'S GATE.

I MET the Old Year in the night,
Hurrying up a mountain height,
Fleeing as from a world of woe,
The wretchedness that reigned below.
He paused a moment in his flight;
I seized his hand so wan and white.
"Tell me," I said, "what hast thou there
In that urn so cold and rare?"
He showed me that 'twas filled with parts
Of ruined hopes and broken hearts,
Tears, curses, sighs and useless vows—
The things which misery allows
To man to voice his mad remorse
At being thwarted in his course.
As he fled with redoubled haste
Up the mountain's dreary waste,
I cried, "Wherefore dost thou hasten so
Toward the realms of ice and snow?"
No reply he vouchsafed me,
But in the dim light I could see
Him pointing upward and afar,
Where guided by a dying star,
I saw Oblivion's Gate ajar.

—*Frank Madison Larned.*

QUITE POSSIBLE.

THE commandant stands shouting "Dress!"
 The bugler winds his noisy din;
 Our sergeant, opening wide his mouth,
 Shouts "Company—fall in!"

—*Anon.*

—o—

TO A PICTURE.

IN other days,—my thoughts retrace
 The century fled, when your fair face,
 In antique gilt and gold now set,
 Swayed hearts ensnared by witchery's net.
 Your eyes smile down; care left no trace.

Nor can Time's touch those charms efface;
 With step sedate and courtly grace
 You danced the stately minuet
 In other days.

Now dim with age the snowy lace,
 For flying years speed on apace.
 At times there comes a vague regret
 That hearts grow cold and men forget
 That vanished charms held regal place,
 In other days.

—*Herbert Eugene Millholen.*

PURPLE BLOSSOMS.

A BABE sleeps under the lilac-tree,
 And coos in dreams a childish glee,
 Till from a purple petal-rim
 A dew-drop falling wakens him.

A youth waits under the lilac-tree;
 The moon glides over silently.
 Along the mottled vineyard slope
 A shadow flits to mock his hope.

A man strides under the lilac-tree;
 He crushes its branches heedlessly,
 Not seeing 'neath the scented crest
 A songster's feather-tufted nest.

The west wind moans through the lilac-tree,
 And sets the last dead heart-leaf free;
 The whirling leaf swift eddies round,
 And rests upon a new-made mound.

—Anon.

—o—

THE WIDOW.

(Fall term.)

I N smart array of black and white,
 With mirth in every feature,
 With comment keen and laughter light,
 A merry, mocking creature;

Demure and coy, with subtle art,
That drives to desperation,
The *Widow*, bless her girlish heart,
Is quite a new creation.

She's fond of wholesome college sport,
And everything that's jolly ;
She does not like the student court,
It makes her melancholy ;
The *Error* last year woke her mirth,
She ridiculed it gaily ;
And now beyond all things on earth
She giggles at the *Daily*.

A toast to her, the lovely lass,
The queen of jest and pleasure ;
Fill to the brim the crystal glass ;
Be heedless of the measure.
A toast to her, the laughing jade,
Of merriment so clever,
And these words with the health be said,
"The *Widow* live forever."

(P. S.—Winter term.)

Alas! since first I sang her praise,
With fervor grateful-hearted,
The *Widow* from her wonted ways
Has suddenly departed.
She had her faults, declares the *Sun*
(The *Sun* man speaks sincerely),
But now that her brief course is run,
We find we loved her dearly.

CORNELL VERSE.

(P. P. S.—Spring term.)

But no, it was a false alarm;
 Once more rejuvenated,
 The *Widow* with her old-time charm,
 Confronts a world elated;
 Once more she comes with saucy mien,
 To banish melancholy,
 And reign, the undisputed queen,
 Of academic folly.

—Anon.

—o—

WHY IS IT?

WHEN girls are ugly babies,
 Their mammas quite insist,
 That they by us, against our wills,
 Be kissed—kissed—kissed.

But when the girls are sweet sixteen,
 Then mammas say we shan't,
 And though we'd like to kiss them then,
 We can't—can't—can't.

—James Henry Gannon, Jr.

—o—

THE REGISTRAR.

(To D. F. H.)

WITH awe the Freshman looks to thee
 When busted past all hope;
 In eyes as verdant fresh as his
 'Art mightier than the Pope.

The "Sophie" too has reverence much
For power that is thine.
He ne'er forgets the nuggets delved
In sad experiences' mine.

The Junior, far too happy man,
He has no use for thee;
From moorings loosed, his gallant ship
Glides o'er the smiling sea.

The Senior, with his thesis grand —
As usual ever late,
A suppliant bends the knee to thee,
He must—to graduate.

—James Henry Gannon, Jr.

—o—

THE JIMS.

(After Victor Hugo.)

DARK night,
No sound,
Nor light;
The ground
Lies dead;
No bird
O'er head
Is heard.

Throughout the hall
A murmur grows;
Along the walls
A whisper blows;

Through cracks unknown,
The voices low,
With stifled moan,
Rush to and fro!

A gruesome shape appears,
Of weird uncertain size,
With mouth that gaps and leers,
And huge revolting eyes;
Wingless it flies and floats,
It circles round the bed;
With grasping talons gloats
O'er my besodden head!

And now the door flies open wide;
A horned toad comes gliding through;
A Gila monster crawls beside
A rabbit that is green and blue;
An anaconda spreads his wings;
Huge bats begin to howl and roar,
While ghastly, sightless, snake-like things
Go hopping, writhing round the floor!

The mattress from my head is fiercely torn;
The hideous circle closer gathers round;
Across my face their burning breath is borne;
Howls, groans, hisses, shrieks resound;
Black cats, offsprings of those that haunted Poe,
Come gliding past, with weird uncanny moan;
Colossal spiders o'er my body go;
My very blood congeals—my heart's a stone!

Alive or dead, I know nor care;
My tortured head, I dare not raise,
Until a feeble breath of air
Disturbs the foul sulphuric haze;
And gazing with distending eyes,
Where writhed the monsters on the floor,
With harsh, rebellious, fiendish cries,
I see them sliding toward the door!

And through the portal wide,
The jostling, crowding throng
Of demons side by side,
Crawls hurriedly along;
They vanish from my sight,
With cowed discordant growls,
And through the waning night,
I hear their mournful howls!

Far down the hall
The murmurs go;
The voices call
In whispers low;
Then die away,
And slowly cease—
The welcome day
Begins in peace.

The strife
No more;
New life
Creeps o'er

My limbs;
 'Tis dawn;
 The Jims
 Are gone.

—F. A. N.

—o—

WAITING.

HOW slowly lengthen the shadows!
 Will never the sun go down?
 For Bessie, my love, is coming
 Across the moor from the town.

At the stile she promised to meet me—
 'Tis the golden time of the year—
 Set of sun! Be still, O my heart,
 And wait, for the dawn is near!
 —Norman Hutchinson.

—o—

THE COMING OF GITCHEKWASIND.

(An Indian Legend.)

NIGHT has fallen o'er the valley,
 In the forest aisles gloom crept,
 As the wild Cayugan warriors
 Round their wigwam fires slept.

Slept they restless, for dark rumors
 Of red foemen stealing slow
 Had come flying to their forests
 From the distant Pecquemo.

In his dreams their great chief Kenwah
Saw dark faces thro' the trees,
Heard the war cry in the distance
Floating on the evening breeze ;

While his daughter Wissanita,
With her deep eyes veiled in sleep,
To the brave tumult of battle
Felt her maiden pulses leap.

And she woke in fear and horror,
Soft up through the silent night
Rose her prayerful "Oh, Great Spirit,
Help my people by Thy might!"

But when waxed the hour to midnight
All the forests' glades awoke
And the piercing cries of battle
Thro' the silvan silence broke.

Leaped then to his feet each warrior,
Grasped the tomahawk and knife,
Answering cry with cry more savage
Dashed into the angry strife.

Long and desperate 'mid the shadows
Raged that clamorous combat dread,
Raged until the dawn broke coldly
O'er the faces of the dead.

And the great sun rose in glory,
Flushed with light the Eastern sky,
Threw his beams across the waters—
As they softly rippled by.

And to Kenwah, chief of redmen,
And his wild Cayugan braves
Brought he victory, to the conquered
Brought sad burial 'neath the waves.

Wissanita watched his rising,
On her pale face felt his glow.
"Gitche Manitau, I thank thee
For thy light!" she whispered low.

And she brushed aside her tresses
Flowing darkly 'round her face,
Sprang amid the tangled verdure
'Till she reached the battle place.

Lay the trailing brake down trampled,
Scattered wide the leaves she found,
And the flowers of blood and carnage
Blossomed red upon the ground.

Huddled close and bound securely
Stood the Indian captives stern,
In their eyes she saw the fires
Of a helpless anger burn.

Gazed she long upon their faces,
In her bosom memories rose
Of her brother, slain and sleeping
Where the Big Sea Water flows.

By the lake great Kenwah rested,
Praised his tomahawk with pride,
Counted o'er the scalps, his trophies,
Hanging crimson by his side.

THE COMING OF GITCHEK WASIND. 97

“Ugh, 'tis well that we have conquered,
Many scalps and captives won,
Let the youths and squaws make merry
When they see what braves have done.

“We have taken old Osceomo
The Sewhalla's aged chief,
Many braves would die full valiant
To but proffer him relief.

“And the stalwart Gitchekwasind,
Let him shudder o'er his fate,
For to-night the torture fires
Will my vengeance satiate.”

Thus spoke Kenwah; when he ended
Came his daughter, passing fair,
Came his daughter, Wissanita,
Smiling through her floating hair.

And she cried, “Oh, Kenwah, father,
Waywassimo lives once more,
I have found him, 'mid thy captives,
Bound and helpless on the shore.

“Come,” she said, and sprang before him,
Kenwah followed, stern and grave,
Till they reached young Gitchekwasind,
Stood before the captive brave.

Then great Kenwah looked and trembled,
Stood in silence in his place,
Waywassimo's eyes flashed at him
From the stranger's haughty face.

And the wild Cayugans gathered,
Saw the likeness, murmuring said,
"Manitou alone has power
Thus to borrow from the dead."

Wissanita, listening, answered,
"Manitou can all things give,
Waywassimo died in battle,
But must Gitchekwasind live?"

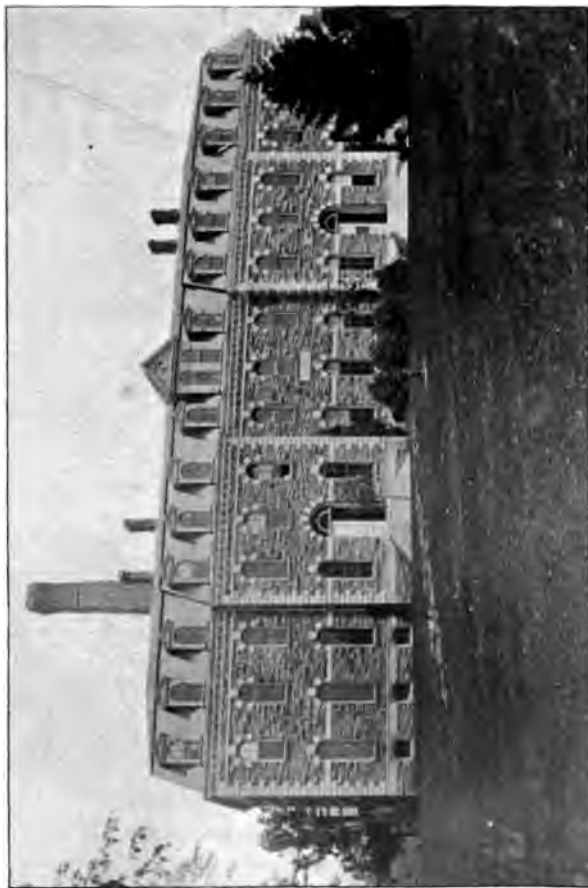
And she loosed the captive's fetters,
Then spoke Kenwah, "Well for thee
That thou favor Waywassimo:
Gitchekwasind, thou art free.

"Go in peace, yet stay, my people
Long have mourned their chieftain's son,
Stay and be to mighty Kenwah,
Eyes to see and feet to run."

And the warrior answered proudly,
"Gitchekwasind thanks thee, chief,
Scattered, suffering are my people,
Grant to them but sure relief,

"And I'll smoke with thee the peace pipe,
Live beneath thy wigwam's shade,
Grant but this and give me, Kenwah,
For my squaw this noble maid."

Flushed the cheeks of Wissanita,
Like the wild flower crimson grew,
And she veiled her eyes dark splendor,
Sudden joy her young heart knew.



Sihley College.



Kenwah looked upon her, smiling,

“Gitchekwasind, all is well;

Wampum will I send thy people,

Thou with us shalt joyous dwell.

“And this maid shall be thy comfort,

In thy wigwam sing all day,

Constant labor in thy cornfields,

Plait the reeds and grasses gay.”

So said Kenwah, Ishgoo added,

“Good the deed that thou hast done,

For perchance this youth may struggle

With the Palefaced Coming One.

“Kenwah will be old and powerless

A spent fire, a faded name,

Gitchekwasind's arm will threaten,

Answer nobly flash with flame.”

Passed the day in deep rejoicing,

Passed to many a song's gay thrill,

But when sunset dyed the heavens

All grew strangely hushed and still.

On the shore with Wassanita

Gitchekwasind stood alone

And their spirits blended gently

With the autumn wind's light moan.

Peace lay o'er the blended heavens,

Brooded on Cayuga's breast,

And the hearts of youth and maiden

Brimmed with love's most perfect rest.

—*Oreola Williams, '97.*

THE RINGING OF THE CHIMES.

CAYUGA'S vale is ringing
With chimes so sweet and clear,
Through rocky clefts and gorges
They echo far and near;
They mingle with the music
Of many a waterfall;
Their melody's the sweetest
Our memory can recall.

They clang on winter mornings
Upon the frosty air,
And summon throngs of students,
To wait on learning fair;
And borne upon the breezes,
They float o'er hill and dale,
To many a distant hamlet
In fair Cayuga's vale.

And when the twilight shadows
Upon the valley fall,
They sing in gentle cadence
The sweetest song of all.
They sing 'mid fairy moonlight,
And star-lit groves and bowers,
A song of youth and beauty;
Those joyful bells of ours.

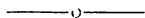
Cornell's alumni wander
To every state and clime,
All in their memory bearing
The echo of that chime;

TO THE RAIN.

101

And as it tinkles faintly,
They see Cayuga's dell;
And shout with sudden gladness,
"Cornell, I yell—Cornell!"

—*Alexander Otis.*



TO THE RAIN.

PATTER, soft patter, in rhythmic refrain,
While I list to thy cadence, O musical rain.
Quenched are the fires that burn in the blue,
Drenched are the meadows stretched far past the blue,
Dim thro' the night float thy garments of mist,
Moist is the pane that thy soft lips have kissed;
Patter, soft patter, in gentle refrain,
While I dream to thy measures, O musical rain.

Patter, soft patter,
My lady's asleep.
Fair o'er the pillow her silken locks creep;
Veiled are the deep, silent wells of her eyes
As she dreams of Love's dawning in Youth's rosy skies.
Patter, soft patter.

Patter, soft patter, in gentle refrain,
Soothe her and woo her, O musical rain.
Teach her that sunshine in shadow must swoon;
That clouds blow across the gold disk of the moon;
That life must be gloomed by the gray mists of pain;
But that Love still endures thro' the storm and the rain.
Patter, soft patter, nor woo her in vain.
Gentle, persistent, low murmuring rain.

—*Oreola Williams, '97.*

THE RACE.

ALONG the way one Springtime day
I rode—a maid beside me.
The violets blue, the myrtles too,
Shone as her eyes defied me.

“You idle stand and ask my hand!
I’ faith a daring lover!
Could you beat me to yon oak tree
I’d give thee it forever.”

We raced along the breeze was strong,
Her streaming hair gleamed brightly;
Her figure bent with all intent;
Her steed she guided lightly.

No chance had I. She seemed to fly
Or ride a steed enchanted.
She reached the oak and thus she spoke
As I her victory granted:

“I’ve won the race, and yet the grace
Of victory shall be yours.
Take now my hand; at your command
’Twill be while life endures.”

—anon.

—o—

CASTLE BUILDING.

WE wandered down the deep ravine
When sunset flowers were redly glowing,
And all the vale with purple sheen
And golden smoke was overflowing,

The mountain's slopes were still ablaze,
 The tree-tops burned like waving torches,
 And rainbow rays of rosy haze
 Were flushing all the woodland porches.

So, hand in hand, we rested still,
 And upward looked through sunset splendor—
 So, heart in heart, in loving thrill,
 Grew mute beneath the glamor tender;
 And thus we built, with painted mist,
 Our castles grand from floor to coping,
 Until the last low sunbeam kissed
 The gray ravine, and left us—groping.

Ah me, my love! the darkness falls
 Full soon, to shroud our brightest dreaming;
 And golden roofs and crystal walls
 Are based, full oft, on cloudy seeming.
 But hand in hand, and heart with heart,
 We twain abide the twilight hoary,
 And wait until the shadows part
 That hide from us our house of glory.

—F.

—o—

DAISIES.

WAND'RING through the fields together—
 Phillida and I
 Gathered daisies shining brightly
 'Neath the summer sky.

Phillida, with hair as golden
As the daisy's heart,
Glancing archly as she did so,
Pulled the flowers apart.

"One I love," she whispered softly.

"Would 'twere I," I said,

"Two I love," her voice continued.

"Fickle, fickle maid!"

"Three I love, I say," was murmured.

"Thou'rt inconstant Miss!"

"Four I love—" but then I stopped her—

Stopped her with a kiss.

"Phillida, now tell me truly,

Dost thou love me, say?"

"Thee I love with all my heart and

Ne'er will cast away."

—R. O. S.

—o—

CLOUDLAND.

OFTEN you have seen at sunset,
O'er a hilltop far away,
When the sky behind was brightened
With the red of dying day,
How a cloud, as o'er it hovered,
Seemed another hill to you
But because 'twas nearer heaven
Fairer seemed and far more true.

So, one day, while straying westward,
 With the sunset 'fore me spread,
 Met I maidens coming toward me,
 Wand'ring whither fancy led;
 One in passing gave a greeting,--
 'Twas kind Friendship's utterance,--
 But the other silent met me,
 Aye, but gave me one sweet glance!

Dear as was the spoken greeting,
 Dearer, glance so shyly cast!
 Friendship's sun shone on the first one;
 It was Love illumed the last.

--Anon.

— o —

OUR BUD.

OUR Bud is home from college
 Ez slick as he can be,
 He knows about a hundred times
 More'n Sary Ann or me.

He wears a standin' collar,
 An' necktie solid white,
 An' says them siety germans
 Is simply out of sight.

An' he aint half as bashful
 Ez all his brothers wuz,
 An' smokes his segarettes
 Like city fellers does.

CORNELL VERSE.

He's bound to climb the ladder
 Away up purty high,
 An's sure to be an engineer
 I 'spect some day, or try.

—*Anon.*

—o—

THE STUDENT.

LIFE is full drear! I fain would slay
 For very spleen this piteous clay,
 Reject false hope, renounce the dream
 Of seeming goals that only seem,
 Give o'er a quest with gloom so rife
 And win for aye an end of strife,
 Were't not for thee, thou more than life!

For when at times an eager thought
 Broods over what may yet be wrought
 From out the mystic years to be
 To guerdon tireless industry—
 Poor things, mayhap, yet time might see
 Them dear, for my sake, sweet, to thee
 Shouldst thou at all be near to me—

Such sight anon reheartens hope
 And makes an erstwhile boundless scope
 Close down to narrow limits, such
 As hold no height from Passion's touch,
 No magic lore-depth but will give
 Its best as Love's prerogative—
 And thus for thee, pure heart, I live.

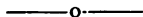
—*Anon.*

IN THE LIBRARY.

“TELL me, maiden debonair,
Tell me, fondly pleading,
Who's the man that sits up there,
With the face so soft and fair,
And the black and beauteous hair,
Who surveys with haughty stare
Everyone here reading?”

“You mean the fellow with the air
Of a girl of Boston?
With a smile like angels wear?
He's a bird of plumage rare,
Though his beard's in need of care;
He and Simpson make a pair—
That is Willy Austin.”

—*Ghost.*



BALLAD OF DEADHEAD HILL.

WHERE Cornell athletes win their fame
There is a game to-day, and see
How crowds throng in to see the game
Just as the clock is striking three.
The players enter silently,
The slogan rises sharp and shrill
And echoes back triumphantly
From those who sit on Deadhead Hill.

We all agree it is a shame
 They should behold a contest free
 For which we pay, but just the same
 We feel a silent sympathy.
 And should the game a poor one be,
 We envy those whose spirits thrill
 With joy that they had paid no fee,
 But watched the game from Deadhead Hill.

So let us not too rudely blame
 Those who do so from poverty,
 Who from these heights behold a game
 They else could not afford to see.
 Loyal they always prove to be;
 So may the summits ever fill
 With those who chorus lustily
 Cornell's applause from Deadhead Hill.

L'ENVOI.

What's that ! a visitor for me ?
 Oh, yes, my tailor with his bill;
 I'll have to watch the game, I see,
 This afternoon, from Deadhead Hill.

— *Ghost*.

· ——— o ———

FOUND ! ON THE CAMPUS.

SILVER buckle,
 Silken ribboned,
 Found upon the campus walk,
 What peculiar
 Things you'd tell us
 If your silver tongue could talk.

Who is it
 Has claimed your service?
 Breathe her name, oh, tell me who!
 Let me know
 Who lost you, be she
 High-born Miss or Kappa Mu!
 Silence still? Well,
 I will keep you,
 Hang you as a trophy fair
 On my study wall, among
 Your sister trophies hanging there.

—Willie Green.

———o———

VESPERTINE.

3 organ tones are dying through the temple,
 The rolling anthem trembles on the air,
 white-stoled choir, with lowly mien and humble,
 ve bowed their heads to list the vesper prayer.

sh! the bells the sunset hour are pealing,
 e blazoned windows glow with western flame,
 unseen heights o'er every soul are stealing
 ans to old Cornell's unfading name.

—Anon

———o———

ON THE SHORE AT NIGHT.

WE think too seldom of the stars,
 And live too near ourselves,
 and hear too rare the waves beat on the bars
 Of the unending sea.

We make the little circle of our influence
The marge of all of worth,
Nor realize the telescope's
Small end is toward the earth.

—*Louis Carl Ehle.*

—o—

FAIR BUT FALSE.

“ HAVE you forgotten ”—soft I said,
“ That night three years ago—
I coaxed you for a lock of hair?”
“ Forgotten it? Oh, no!”

“ It was a lovely curl that played
About your forehead fair;
I’ve treasured it through all these years—
That little lock of hair;

“ Thro’ all these years I’ve kept it in
A pocket of my vest.”

“ You’ve really kept it? So have I,
That is, I’ve kept the rest.

“ ’Tis pinned up now upon the wall,
And often still we laugh,—
My friends and I,—about the man
Who stole the other half;

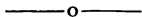
“ For on that oft remembered night
You spoiled, without a pang,—
Yes, absolutely ruined, sir,
My new imported bang.”

—*Edward Michael Burns.*

THE SENSATIONAL REPORTER.

O'ER the campus, through the city,
Like a gathering storm,
Venting scandal, brewing discord,
Speeds a fleeting form.

Cursed with oaths, bruised with blows,
Never asking quarter,
Yet he goes and gets the news—
Sensational reporter!
—Theron Dexter Davis.



THE SPIRIT OF THE CHIMES.

FROM out the lofty tower
In the early morning's light,
The chimes are pealing a glad farewell
To the gloomy shades of night.

The master stands at the key-board,
And neath his skillful hand
The bells ring out—now soft and low;
Now echoing through the land.

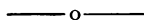
And as he plays, he ponders
In gay or solemn vein,
Till thoughts far, far too deep for words
Creep into the bell's sweet strain.

But the busy, thoughtless, hurrying throng,
 Filled with the cares of the day,
 Give little heed to their cadences,
 As they haste upon their way.

What though the hand that moves the keys
 Be gay to-day—or sad?
 What care they, though the undertone
 Be mournful, now, or glad?

Yet 'mid the hurrying, jostling throng
 There is, perchance, sometimes
 A soul that listens, and responds,
 To the spirit of the chimes.

—*Edward Michael Burns.*



A STUDENT'S TOIL.

“WHY is it that from yonder tower
 The student's lamp is burning still,
 Tho' it is past the midnight hour,
 And sleep is brooding on East Hill?”

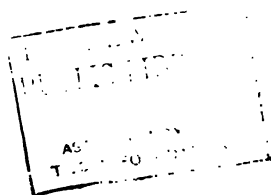
“Is it for old, historic lore,
 Or modern science he would seek;
 Or strives he now his mind to store
 With learning from the classic Greek?”

“'Tis not the wisdom of the sages
 Or science fair that him enchants;
 An earthlier task his time engages—
 He's sewing buttons on his pants.”

—*Jared Van Wagenen, Jr.*



Veterinary College.



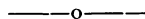
O MY PIPE.

MEERSCHAUM, meerschaum,
Born of the sea,
Dearest of all things
Thou art to me.

Comrade, comrade,
Better than shrine;
Thoughts leap from my heart,
As smoke curls from thine.

Meerschaum, meerschaum,
Aid to reflection,
Dissolve all my blues,
Remove my dejection.

—Kennedy Furlong Rubert.

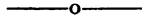


"FAR ABOVE CAYUGA'S WATERS."

WHERE do students strive for learning,
Strive with all a scholar's yearning;
With the Oxford cap scholastic,
With a life and mien monastic?
Where the breezes blow the strongest,
Where the sun's rays linger longest,
Where earth's mantle seems the newest,
Where Cayuga's blue seems bluest—
"Far above Cayuga's waters."

Where do students do their wooing,
All their billing and their cooing,
With a maiden sage, yet willing,
Life to blissful measure filling?
Where the pines are ever sighing,
Where the falls' roar never dying,
Where men love to pause and ponder,
Where men love to rest or wander—
“Far above Cayuga's waters.”

—Kennedy Furlong Rubert.



TO A ROSE.

WITHERED rose before me lying,
How you send my thoughts a flying
To the past that sets me sighing
O'er a vision fair.

Of a woman tall and queenly,
Wondrous fair, and tall, and seemly,
Standing proudly and serenely
On the landing stair.

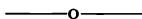
Rose, all thy beauty has left thee,
Years of color have bereft thee;
Years but color yet more deftly
The vision on the stair.

—Kennedy Furlong Rubert.

SHE FOOLED HIM.

HE was a gay young deceiver,
 She was a simple believer;
 His time to beguile
 He'd fool her a while,
 And then he would suddenly leave her.
 He wrote her a nice little letter,
 As a matter of course he knew better;
 Not stopping to think
 He confided to ink
 The expressions which forged him a fetter.
 When at last he was ready to shake her,
 Elsewhere to play as a fakir;
 But the letter in court,
 Cut the matter quite short,
 It was ten thousand dollars, or take her.

—*John Kneeland Garnsey*



ARBUTUS.

WHEN early Spring from Winter, laughing, leaps,
 'Neath the dead leaves the sweet Arbutus creeps;
 These withered leaves that in late Autumn died,
 Have well protected April's blushing pride.
 So 'tis in life, beneath the coldest brow
 May beat a heart alive to friendship's glow,
 And, like the forest flower, is beauty found
 Deep hidden, 'neath the leaves that strew the ground.

—*D. S. T.*

CREW SONG.

ONWARD, like the swallow going,
Roused is every nerve and sense.
Oh, the wild delight of knowing
'Tis *our* power that does the rowing !
Oh, the joy of life intense !
Rest was made for feebler folk;
Onward ! make her cut the water,
And for fame of Alma Mater
Stroke ! Stroke ! Stroke !

Deep we drink the inspiration,
Eager zest lights up each face;
Ecstasy and exultation
Come from honest emulation
In the contest and the race.
Nerves of iron and hearts of oak,
Under eye of youths and maidens,
Catch the ringing, swinging cadence—
Stroke ! Stroke ! Stroke !

Steady now ! let no distraction
Slow the speed of oar or shell;
All in unison of action
Win the noble satisfaction—
Victory for old Cornell !
Coolly every power invoke.
Do not break in sweep or "feather,"
One last effort ! All together !
Steady ! old Cornell forever !
Stroke ! Stroke ! Stroke !

—Robert James Kellogg.

ALMA MATER.

COLLEGE SONG.

O ALMA MATER, name we loved
When life was young and free,
And buoyant hope not yet had proved
Time's untried mystery;
Still in our hearts thine image lies,
Nor dim thy memory;
Though youth be past,
While life shall last
We still shall honor thee !

What though from classic halls we stray,
And miss thine influence pure,
The riches thou didst once convey
Forever shall endure !
For truest wealth is youthful heart
When hair is tinged with gray
And age crowds fast,
With frosty blast,
Our steps along life's way.

Dear Alma Mater, name we love
With untouched constancy,
May all thy sons full grateful prove,
Nor ceased their crowning be !
Ne'er, ne'er shall we forget thy fame,
Whatever lot we see;
Till manhood's passed,
While life shall last,
We still shall honor thee !

—*Alfred Sidney Johnson.*

AUTUMN.

WHERE Spring her verdant mantle threw,
Now lies a bed of brighter hue;
The earth by spring endowed and blest,
Now turns in Winter's lap to rest.

Where sang the bird in early morn,
Now sounds the hunter's ringing horn;
The deer, pursued by horse and hound,
Now quivering lies on the cruel ground.

So 'tis with life, by God instilled,
With hearty strength and art well-skilled;
These occupy our earlier days;
But with the sun's declining rays,

Comes rest for work done well and long.
The soul now rests in tranquil song,
And hears the angel choir repeat,
"Rest, weary soul, at God's own feet."

—R. S. M.

—o—

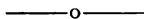
THE LAST SWEET GLIMPSE.

FOR many a long and active year
I have wandered about this world so free,
But every spot seems bleak and drear
To my balm-blown land by the sunset sea;
But if you are kind I know you'll agree
When I praise above all that home-sweet place,
For there I saw--though the shadows flee—
The last sweet glimpse of my mother's face.

These eastern hills I much revere,
 But there grows on their slopes no gorgeous tree,
 Like those that shelter the spotted deer,
 In my balm-blown land by the sunset sea.
 For memory's hand has been kindly to me,
 And has painted a picture that time can't erase;
 And to it I'm loyal, for above it I see
 The last sweet glimpse of my mother's face.

And when I'm sad, or filled with fear,
 Or weary with work, or failure foresee,
 I close my tired eyes, and fly swiftly here
 To my balm-blown land by the sunset sea.
 And my poor heart grows happy, and dances with glee,
 And thrills 'neath the pressure of loving embrace,
 And I dream of that parting which ne'er more shall be:
 The last sweet glimpse of my mother's face.

—B. D. T.



A DIFFERENCE.

THE sun stole a kiss from the rosebud red,
 At dawn on yesterday;
 The rosebud blushed, she hung her head,
 And shame-faced turned away.

And I stole a kiss the self-same day
 'Neath mistletoe o'er the door;
 The maiden blushed, but I am sorry to say,
 I fear she expected more.

—J. R. D.

THE GAME OF LIFE.

ALONE, but for my thoughts profound,
An after-dinner weed I burn;
'Tis eve, and twilight hovers 'round;
I hesitate my text to learn,
Because my thoughts do forward fly
Into the future, oh ! so high,
When I must reach my aim or fall,
Unknown, unnoticed, shunned by all.

Of life's great game I'm thinking now,
Uncertain yet, to win or lose;
Will Pluto to me suppliant bow,
Or I to him—which shall I choose?
My college days will soon be past;
And when I reach that time at last,
Then, forth into this world of strife,
I go to play the game of life.

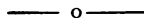
Oh ! shall I reach ambition's end,
And stand on high the Temple Fame?
Oh ! can I all my wrongs amend,
And bear some day an honored name?
Ye prophet, tell me, is it so—
What most of all I wish to know—
Will she, my sweetheart, be my wife
In this uncertain game of life?

Or shall I lose in life's great game,
And downward sink in Stygian gloom,
With no one but myself to blame?
O Fates, is this indeed my doom?

Must I descend in dark despair,
Enticed by Bacchus to his lair,
Or wooed by Comus to his fold,
To grow in vice as I grow old?

I'm thinking of this game to-night,
Each hour's a play on toward the goal;
Sometimes its wrong, sometimes its right—
An awful game fought o'er my soul;
My college days will soon be past,
And when I reach that time at last,
Then, forth into this world of strife,
I go to play the game of life.

—*Fred Lewis Jones.*



THE MINSTREL'S CURSE.

(From the German.)

IN olden ages, once, there stood a castle, wondrous fair;
It reared its towers and battlements proudly into the
air,
And round about were gardens, filled with flowers of per-
fume sweet,
Where birds, with joyous melody, the morning sun would
greet.

Within its walls a monarch, stern and cruel, held regal
sway,
Who kept his courtiers, day and night, in terror and
dismay.

No smile e'er crossed his countenance, sullen and fierce
his mood;
The words he spake were flames of fire, his deeds were
writ in blood.

One day unto the castle fair, two minstrels bent their way;
The one, a youth with golden locks, the other old and
gray.
And he whose hair was silver white, upon a horse did
ride,
The while the youth, with joyous song, ran gaily at his
side.

Then spake the aged bard: "My son, our journey's end
is near;
Bethink thee of our sweetest songs, of sadness and of
cheer,
And let thy voice in strongest tones of joy or sorrow ring,
For here we come to-day, to move the stone heart of the
king."

They stand within the spacious hall, before the monarch's
throne,
And from the old man's harp the chords ring out in full-
est tone;
And as their blended voices now in sweetest anthem rise
And fill the hall, the courtiers all are bound with pleased
surprise.

They sang of joy and sorrow, they sang of peace and strife;
They sang of all that sweetest is within our human life;
They sang of sober wisdom, and then of merry jest;
They sang of all that noble is, within the human breast.

The monarch's warriors, who oft the battlefield have trod,
The monarch's flattering courtiers, too, bow at the praise
of God;
The noble queen, emotioned by the songs of love and
truth,
Took from her breast a crimson rose, and threw it to the
youth.

Up rose the king in anger, and cried: "Upon my life,
My subjects ye've perverted, and now ye would have my
wife.
Ha, knaves! for this dishonor my vengeance ye shall feel!"
And deep into the stripling's heart he plunged his sword
of steel!

And while the throng in horror stood, nor dared to utter
sound,
The fair-haired bard, in agony, fell dead upon the ground.
And lo! the minstrel old, his cloak upon the youth let
fall;
Then took the corpse up in his arms, and with it left the
hall.

He paused before the castle gate, and threw his harp
away;
There, at his feet, upon the ground, it broke and shat-
tered lay.
One more sad glance upon the youth he cast, in deep
despair,
And then, with hand upraised, he cried in tones that clove
the air:

"Woe unto thee, O castle fair! Abode of death and crime!

No more within thy walls may song or laughing music chime!

May thy foundations tremble, thy domes and spires fall,
Nor leave a trace to mark the place where once stoodst,
withal!

"Woe unto ye, O gardens, and ye flowers of perfume rare!

Ye birds whose melodies so sweet rise on the morning air!

No more shall merry sunshine be your lot, but in its stead

May Heaven frown upon ye, till ye withered are and dead.

"Woe unto *thee*, foul murderer! thou curse of minstrelsy!

Thy reign in misery shall end, thy name forgotten be!

And while thou liv'st may war and strife e'er be thy subjects' doom,

And when thou'rt dead, deep may'st thou sink into oblivion's tomb."

Thus spake the aged minstrel, and Heaven has heard his words;

The castle walls have fallen low, dead are the flowers and birds.

The monarch's praise is never sung in merry rhyme or verse,

His name hath long forgotten been: such was the minstrel's curse.

—Oscar H. Fernback.

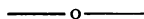
REPARTEE.

THE sun and moon were talking once,—
I heard them one fair night, —
When of each other's vicious faults
The two were making light:

"You're full!" the sun spake to the moon,
"Perchance you've too much wine on."
The moon replied, "Oh, don't you talk,
For you've a great old shine on."

A cloud came o'er the sun's red face,
At this from Heaven's daughter.
Then out he spoke, "Well you get full
On almost your last quarter!"

—*Benjamin Nathan.*



SHAKESPEARIAN.

"YES, I am poor and thou art rich,
Yet I sit here, my arms entwined
About thy waist; what boots it dear?"
"My father boots it, you will find."

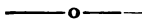
—*Benjamin Nathan.*

TO A BRUNETTE.

YOU may sing of golden hair,
Laughing eyes of blue below,
But no other's half so fair
As a maiden that I know.

Hair of brown that's almost black;
Eyes of tender melting brown
Smiling throw their glances back;
She's the prettiest girl in town.

—R. P. Kel.



DAWN.

OH, my love has come out of the East
With the glory of dawn on her brow,
And the earth is alight with her presence,
The earth that was dark until now.

For the sunbeams are caught in her hair,
Caught in meshes more golden than they;
Like some sweet haloed saint but more fair
She comes, the bright herald of day.

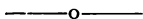
And her cheeks how they glow with the flush
Of the first faint beginnings of day,
Till the wild rose is shamed by her blush,
And the lilies are pale with dismay.

All the earth stirs to meet her with song,
As from valley to valley she flies
Every bird wakes to greet her and strong
Their roundelays of welcome arise.

Oh, my love is the Lady of Dawn,
Who immortal and changeless and young
In her glamour and glory lives on
In beauty untold and unsung.

And my heart pays the vows to her there,
That to youth and to beauty belong,
To my goddess of Dawn who is fair
Past all rapture of silence or song.

—W. C. Abbott.



TO MY VALENTINE.

A LITTLE bird in the apple tree
Sang this morn so lustily
In the golden sunlight's early beams
That he woke me from my slumbering dreams.
To his happy mate on the bough above
He sang sweet songs of ardent love;
Told her how when she was near
Earth was bright and life more dear:
"The heavens are deep," he whispered low,
"But no deeper than my love, I know."
And so he sang his songs of love
Unto his mate on the bough above.

Maid, the bird's rare song so sweet
Let me now to thee repeat,
Let the bird's sweet song be mine,
And thou, be thou my Valentine.

—J. R. Dyke, Jr.

PINNING HIS FAITH.

“MY Valentine, you’ll find within
This billet-doux, a Cornell pin.
But do not think,” remarked the wag,
“My love for you shall ever *flag*.”
—R. P. Kelly.

— o —

THE SONG SHE USED TO SING.

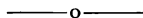
WHAT tender strain,
What mellow chords
Are those I hear
Which from my eyelids drain
The solitary tear?
How strange it is
That after many a year
The passion of that day
Should waken in my heart
The ancient, trembling fear
That once I gave full play.
What wonder then,
When linked to memories dear,
The song she used to sing
Comes stealing on my ear,
Draws tribute to forsaken love
In this solitary tear.
—Sidney Ossoski.

THE CORNELL UNIFORM.

“IS your drill uniform a fatigue one, my son?”

Thus an elderly soldier inquired;
Came the answer as quick as a shot from a gun,
“Yes, it is—for it makes us all tired!”

—*Benjamin Nathan.*



THAT LAST SWEET NIGHT.

THAT last sweet night, while softly overhead
The bright moon shone upon us as we sped
Along the roads made silvery by its light,
I sorrowed, yet was happy - sad, despite
The pleasure that her presence near me shed;
Happy, although my joy was nearly dead,
My hope's blue sky by darkness overspread.
I felt a sweet yet sorrowful delight,
That last sad night.

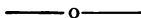
At dawn, the while the east grows darkly red,
I rise, well knowing that my joy is dead,
But Time shall never steal, in his swift flight,
The memory of her face, that blessed my sight,
Her dear voice, and the low words she said,
That last sweet night.

—*R. P. Kelly.*

SHATTERED HOPES.

“MAY I ask you, will you kindly
Go with me to next week's hop?”
And his heart beat long and blindly
Beat as tho' it ne'er would stop,
While he waited all expectant,
Waited for her “yes” or “no.”
“Oh, I thank you,—should be pleased to,”
And his heart gave joyous bound,
And his spirits rose, released to
Joy and ecstacy new-found.
“But”—her next words brought him earthward,
“But with Fred I said I'd go.”

—J. R. Dyke, Jr.



SHADOW AND SUNSHINE.

ON the sand of dark and gloomy ocean
Deep in thought and sad I stood, a youth
With doubting thoughts in wild commotion,
And watched the waves, and sorrowing asked for truth.
“Reigns there a God in yon blue heaven above me,
Is there truth or right on earth below,
Is there the good I seek so vainly?”
The moaning, sullen waves seemed answering, “No!”
But soon the sun from the hills behind me
Threw of his rays a handful at my feet;
Then the aspen leaves lisped kindly,
And the birds sang joyous songs and sweet,

IN SUMMER TIME AT ITHACA. 131

The leaves' soft whisperings and the birds' sweet singing
Told me that their God still reigned above,
And all the sunbeams good were bringing:
In my heart were purest joy and love.

—*J. R. Dyke, Jr.*

— o —

IN SUMMER TIME AT ITHACA.

(Read at the Washington-Cornell Alumni Dinner,
March, 1891.)

THE chimes for once are silent; they are rusting off the
key;
The grass grows on the campus much higher than one's
knee;
The football field where Upton ran is overgrown with
weeds,
And lecture halls are dusty where were mounted trusty
steeds.

The doors of Sage are tightly closed. Ah me! how sad
the plight!
The Sibley shops are all shut down,—there's no electric
light.
The Gym. is all deserted, the tennis nets are down;
The hill is beastly lonesome, but, Lord! you should see
the town!

The trains run once a week and the grass grows in the
street,
And the bums are growing sober, for there's no one
there to treat.

The shops are closed at three o'clock, and frequently at
two,—
The owners think of suicide and everybody's blue.

The house doors all stand open and the boarding house is
still;
Landladies count their money and mourn the unpaid bill.
The cops are all asleep; Zinckie sadly cleans his mugs,
And there's nothing going on but the summer school for
bugs.

The cable cars have stopped, and the 'busses do not pass,
For Hymes has gone a fishing and his stock is out at
grass.
The town girls mope about because the boys are all away,
And there's nothing else to do but to count their scalps all
day.

A momentary life breaks out when the circus comes to
town,
And everybody, young and old, turns out to see the
clown.
The country people all drive in, and for a few short
hours
The dead alive old country town resumes its former
powers.

But before the night is over all this life has passed away,
And naught but added dust remains reminder of the day.
The place seems still more lonesome from contrast with
the crowd,
And e'en the cats can scarcely muster strength to yowl
aloud.

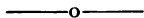
If you walk the streets industriously you may meet a
man—or two !

But the town is so deserted that you're lucky if you do;
And if three men and a dog or so were met on a single
block,

The sight would be so strange that it would stop the
college clock !

The atmosphere of all the place is restful laziness;
A man takes half a day to walk a half-mile or less.
Of all forsaken places on this terrestrial ball,
The worst of them is Ithaca 'tween Commencement and
the fall !

—*L. O. Howard.*



LOVE'S HYPNOTISM.

SHE was a maid, coquettish, fair,
Seated before him in a chair;
And he a hypnotist.
She closed her eyes at his command;
Her 'witching face he could not stand;
Her ruby lips he kissed.

Her violet eyes she opened wide,
He, penitently, at her side
Knelt, and in humble tone—
“Can you forgive me, dear?” said he.
“Hypnotize me again,” said she—
And he knew she was his own.

—*S.*

QUERIES.

WHAT did the Oxford tie?
What did the Baltic sea?
How did the diamond dye?
Where can the honey bee?

When did the canvas sail?
Why did the cod-fish ball?
What did the evening mail?
Whom did the paver's maul?

Whom did the railroad track?
What did the Arctic bear?
What did the carpet tack?
What did the underwear?

Who heard the kitten's tail?
Whom did the window screen?
What did the shingle nail?
Who thinks the Paris green?

Who killed the idiot who wrote the above?
And what did he get for that work of love?

—Willie Grey.

—o—

AT THE GATE.

ABOVE the distant height the moon uplifts
Her great, round orb and sheds a flood of light
Through fleecy clouds with silver lined rifts:
I linger now to say a last good-night.

One moment longer in the dreamy glow,
 Beside the silent archway we await.
 She softly whispered as I turned to go,
 "We part to meet to-morrow—at the gate."

Oh thou drear angel of the longer sleep,
 Why hast thou hushed to silence as thine own
 That dearer self? I lonely vigil keep
 Beside the form whence life and light have flown.

I look upon her in my mute despair,
 And ask "Wilt thou await me through the flight
 Of all the years that I thy loss must bear,
 And at the Gate of Silence keep thy plight?"

--H. E. Millholen.

—o—

ART AT CORNELL.

"**A**T home from Cornell?
 Your health very well?"

Thus her questions his relatives starts.

"What course?" He replies,

With tears in his eyes,

To his innocent torturer, "Arts."

"Indeed! Art at Cornell!

How nice! Now you'll tell

Me what branches you study, I trust."

He swears it is hard

As he thinks of his card

"Why,—a—chiefly *life's sighs* and the *bust*."

—William Courtney Langdon, Jr.

DRILL.

THREE days a week the bugles sound,
Three days a week from all around
The skurrying underclassmen come
Midst sounds of music, roll of drum.

As bugler blows the last few notes,
And on the air their music floats;
Sharp rings the sergeant's cry "Fall in,"
And then "left face" midst scabbards' din.

Then roll is called, the sergeant's book
And pencil, with a final look,
Are put away. "Count Fours," he cries;
Along the line the answer flies.

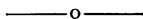
A moment, death-like silence falls,
Silence ominous that appalls
As sergeant to the breeze unfolds
The nation's standard that he holds.

"Sound off," the leader's order comes—
An instant and the roll of drums,
A moment more the alignment made
As one thing that command is swayed.

"Present arms," the adjutant cries,
"Carry," "Order," to the skies
The trembling ether bears the ring
Of rattling muskets answering.

Such is the poetry of drill;
But classmen love and ever will
Far best of all commands or call,
The words, "Break Ranks," from sergeants fall.

—*Kennedy Furlong Rubert.*



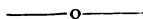
THE WEAKER SEX.

SO well she argued woman's right,
So fair she was, and too, so bright.
I often passed a pleasant hour
In testing the sweet maiden's power.

"If then the men you equal quite
And to the polls should have a right,
Why are the women called," quoth I,
"The weaker sex?" she made reply:

"When in a general term we speak
We picture all mankind as weak;
When to the sexes we refer,
We have to say, 'weak-him,' 'weak-'er.'"

—*Frances Boardman.*

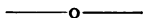


'T WAS LENT.

I WOODED a maiden, young and sweet,
In mid-Lent's dullest part;
I threw myself at her dear feet,
And asked her for her heart.

She smiled and arched her lovely brow,
And said, quite innocent,
"I cannot give my heart just now,
Because, you see, 'tis *Lent*."

—H. B. Crissey.



A FAIR CORNELLIAN.

A LONG the road, by willow trees,
Beneath a summer sun,
By fields, where fragrant heaps of hay
Had turned the emerald, dun.

Sat Sunshine in the phæton,
And talked and laughed with me;
As we drove on, to the College town,
While birds sang merrily.

"Is't Hamilton's pink, or Yale's true blue,
Or Union's garnet blaze,
You love the most and praise the most?"
—I watched the changing gaze.

Fair Harvard's crimson filled her cheeks;
Her eyelids quickly fell;
And still remained the tell-tale hue—
The carnelian of Cornell!

No need to speak her loyalty,
No need its cause to tell;
Yet softly, half unconsciously,
She said, "I love Cornell."

Then some Cornellian may be proud,
With fondest heart to claim
The loyalty with which she told
His Alma Mater's name!

—*R.*

—o—

SHE KNEW THE GRIP.

THEY stood a moment at the gate,
A maiden fair was she,
A Junior he, and there though late,
They talked fraternity.

“And so you think that no one knows
So strong the ties are bound,
And that the members ne'er disclose
The secrets deep, profound?”

“Learn your mistake,” she laughing cried,
“I know the grip of each.”
“I think,” the Junior slow replied,
“There is one I could teach.

“The Sigma Nu it is,” he said,
And yielding then at last,
That he should teach it her he caught
And held her fair form fast.

She pouted, blushed, and finally said,
As from his grasp did slip,
“I think 'twas very mean of you,
But then—I've learned the grip.”

—*Ghost.*

'TIS POLICY, YOU KNOW.

IT was in the cozy parlor,
By the fireside's ruddy glow,
That he asked her, earnest, low,
"Mary, tell me why you treat me so?"
Answered maiden, coy and fickle:
"Oh, 'tis policy, you know."
"Should I ask you then to give me
Just one light and playful kiss,
To prove to me that you love me,
Would you, now, refuse me this?"
Answered maiden, coy and fickle:
"It isn't policy to kiss."
"Should I ask you then to marry
Me your lover, humble slave,
Would you, would you then refuse me?
Oh, tell me ere I leave."
Thought the maiden, coy and fickle,
To refuse past five-and-twenty is not policy I know,
And she answered: "No, my darling, no!"

—Anon.

—o—

A WORD OF ADVICE.

YOUNG man, are you in earnest, quite,
And mean to strive with soul and might
Never to swerve, through fear or doubt,
From this the work that you're about?
Then note from me a word or two,
Which, heeded, you will never rue.

In setting forth, without delay,
Mark out your course, make clear your way,
Heed not the quibbling of the throng;
The goal in view cannot be wrong.
The world and all its goods are yours,
Save what some other hand secures;
Then know that in a "strong right arm"
Is wealth far greater than a "farm."

In all you say and all you do,
Be bold, be resolute, be true.
Where honor bids, direct your course,
And bear what comes without remorse.
Honor, you know's a long-necked steed;
Though slow at first, he's "bound" to lead,
With stronger "wind" and surer feet,
All jockeys on the closing heat;
And that's the turn you want to win,
No matter how the race begin.

And now, Sir, to conclude my rhyme,
Without usurping more your time,
Permit me here to summarize,
And set the whole before your eyes,
In forms so perfect and concise,
That you'll ne'er think it otherwise
Than—which it is—the rarest prize
You ere possessed. So here it lies
In just four lines to memorize:—
Protect your fame, for every mar
However trivial, leaves a scar;
First—serve it zealously and true,
And in due time 'twill work for you. —*Anon.*

FAREWELL.

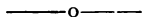
AWAY, away, no more delay!
Arouse the engines, spread the sail!
Too willingly the tears are starting,
Too great the pain and strain of parting,
Regrets and sighs of what avail!

Farewell, farewell, the billows swell,
And curl, and break, and foam below.
Onward the ship is swiftly speeding;
The shores behind are fast receding,
Tinged with the sunset's dying glow.

And though we yearn and fain would turn
The homeward track again to seek,
True friends will still abide as ever,
Such ties the ocean cannot sever,
For this it's power is all too weak.

And so we trust, since part we must,
The months of absence, circling round,
Will bring ere long a gladsome greeting,
Will but enhance the joy of meeting,
When friend with friend once more is found.

—Anon.



THE SOPHOMORE AT THE BRIDGE.

THE Sophomore's brow was sad, and the Sophomore's
speech was still,
And darkly looked he at the bridge, and darkly up the
hill,

THE SOPHOMORE AT THE BRIDGE. 143

"The cops will be upon us before the bridge goes down;
And if we do not fell the bridge, what hope to gain re-
nown?"

Then out spoke a brave Senior, a man most blessed by
fate,

"To every man upon this hill death cometh, soon or late.
Hew down the bridge, Sir Sophomores, with all the
speed ye may,

I, with two more to help me, will keep the cops at bay."

Then all Cornellia's noblest felt their hearts fill with gall,
And straightway at the timbers they struggled one and all.
From the silent hour of midnight till the clock was
striking two,

The old bridge creaked and trembled with very much
ado.

But while the dusky creatures with axe and lever plied,
There appeared one among them who his features tried
to hide;

And as he walked among them, took out a little book
And quietly put down the names of those he knew by
look.

Then the students waxed angry, and fell upon the man,
(For they hate the rebel traitor who will give away his
clan),

And hard enough they kicked him to make his blood run
chill

But that didn't in the least prevent his getting up the
hill.

But now the bridge hangs tottering above the glen below,
 And all, save one lone creature, were swaying to and fro—
 Their hands upon the rope to pull the structure o'er;
 But this one lone, still figure stood muttering on the
 shore.

But as the "Heave, Oh, Heave!" came from the depths
 beneath,
 From this one loue, still figure through the circle of his
 teeth,
 There gently wafted downward in deep, Shakesporean
 tones,
 Some words that sounded much like "Wretched Vaga-
 bonds!"

Then with a crash like thunder fell every loosened board,
 Not only all the beams but the planks with which 'twas
 floored.

And a long shout of triumph arose from either side,
 And then they all skedaddled—their bodies for to hide.

—Anon.

—o—

WOMAN.

AUTUMN'S gay foliage in color may vie,
 The woodland may garland the river,
 Charms may enchant us from Sol's tinted sky,
 They equal to woman? Oh never!

Man 'mid the gloom of monastic seclusion
 Pants out the day on some picturesque height,
 Dreaming of worlds in his frailty's delusion;
 Longing for woman, the earth's greatest light.

Lightly she trips in the sunshine of morning,
Modestly forth in her robes of pure white;
The garden, the lawn, and the household adorning,
Leading the weak and tempering the might.

When nature's asleep, when night birds are calling,
Lonely she sits by the dying fireside,
While down her cheeks the tear-drops are falling,
Trickling like the slow ebbing tide.

If man would but credit the old Bible story,
Handed to him by the angels above,
That God is but love in omnipotent glory,
Then woman is God, for woman is love.

I speak not of those whose smile is deceiving,
But blossoms of nature, whose presence I feel
Lifting my spirit, my faint heart relieving,
Not the sophistical, but the ideal.

—Chas. E. Countryman.

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SWEET CHIMES OF CORNELL.

SWEET chimes of Cornell, I remember you well,
As oft on my ear your gay greeting fell;
Now merrily pealing, now soothingly stealing,
With rhythmical cadence or sonorous swell.

From afar on the hill, through the air soft and still,
With musical voicings the spirit you fill;
Floating over the valley, with far echoes dally,
And touch the calm lake with a tremulous thrill.

How exultant and gay, with a jubilant play,
 Have you clamored forth welcomes on many a day,
 When laurels home bringing, with shout and with singing,
 The sons of Cornell have honored her sway !

And solemn and slow, with resonant blow,
 You have tolled the sad knell for revered ones laid low;
 For the loved most sincerely and the prized most dearly,
 The noblest and best, and the soonest to go.

O chimes of Cornell, what wonderful spell
 Have you wrought in my senses to love you so well ?
 For oft in my dreaming, with strange subtle seeming,
 I hear from afar the sweet chimes of Cornell !

—*Eleanor Gray.*

—o—

THE RETURN.

THROUGH all the sunny summer days,
 We strayed through winding woodland ways,
 Or seated by some prattling brook
 Read Nature's secrets from a book
 Not conned like Greek or Latin.
 We breathed the scent of new-mown hay,
 Cool passing winds from far away,
 Bore murmuring music to our ears—
 It may have been of joy or tears,
 Of vesper or of matin.

The rugged pillars of the sky
 Wrought in us of immensity;
 The moon above the tranquil deep,
 The breaking waves that never sleep,
Moved us to pleasant dreaming.

And friends we loved were by our side,
Who watched with us the changing tide,
Or shifting clouds, or storm-wrapt heights,
And eagerly we sought—poor wights—

To read their mystic meaning.

But now September's drooping leaves,
The naked fields, the piled-up sheaves
The empty nest of summer bird,
Withal, th' authoritative word,

Recall us to our duty.

With treasure trove of summer lore,
Rich, tingling blood, health's goodly store,
We dust the old tomes on our shelves,
And, since we cannot help ourselves,
We seek in books new beauty.

—C. H. T.

—o—

"TELL ME, MAIDEN."

“TELL me, maiden debonair,
With the bright cheeks glowing,
Are the scholars all so fair
Whither thou art going?”
Quick she turns her pretty head,
Lifts her lily finger:
“Hark! I hear the chimes,” she said,
“And I may not linger.”

“Up to meet the mounting sun,
Who are these that follow—
In the splendor every one
Shining like Apollo?”

"All Cornellians!" comes the cry,
 Hearts in voice resounding;
 "All Cornellians!" make reply,
 Purple hills resounding.

"Wide the land, and wide the sea,
 Soon are comrades parted.
 Shall Cornell remembered be
 By her loyal-hearted?"
 "Till her walls in dust shall lie,
 Till her hills shall sever!
 Alma Mater till we die—
 Old Cornell forever!"

—Henry Tyrrell.

—o—

THE BARGAIN.

THE coat had seen hard usage,
 The buttons were worn and bent,
 The wrists of the sleeves were selvage,
 The elbows torn and rent.
 The Junior, still and thoughtful,
 Began to meditate
 On this coat whose age was doubtful,
 And thus, at last, he spake:
 "Old rag, my love for you is strong;
 You've served me well and served me long,
 For this I am very grateful.
 We've been together many a day;
 'Tis cruel now to send you away,
 A friend you have been most faithful.

" But now to sell you I must try,
My funds are low, my bills are high,
And you'll bring me much welcome chink.
Some innocent Freshman I must guy.
Those sergeants should bring me nigh
Unto two dollars extra, I think.

" Your elbows I'll patch, your buttons fix;
A Freshman find not up to tricks
Of trade in soldier coats.
I'll offer you for dollars nine,
Throw in the cap and stripes so fine
For two five dollar notes."

He found the Freshman, brought him in,
And sold the coat (it was no sin!)
For double the price he paid.
He pleased the youth and made him vain,
And seemed to have no thoughts of gain—
The Freshman was not afraid.

Now, vanity did the poor lad blind,
Though many defects were easy to find,
He saw not one, nor any fault found.
The pretty blue coat and buttons of brass,
The stripes of red, all had, alas!
His head completely turned 'round.

And glorious visions *militaire*,
Visions of such castles in the air
As Freshmen often build,
Made him regardless of his cash,
Caused him to be a little rash;
Alas, *he'd never drilled!*

—Max.

FALLEN LEAVES.

THE summer's smiles had passed away,
The summer's suns had gone to rest,
The early autumn, brown and gray,
Had breathed o'er hills thro' night and day
A loving incense heavenly blest.

The trees so lately green and fair
As silent watchers now do stand.
No more the birds do gather there
To seek protecting friends—now bare
Of all those blessings—nature's hand:—
But lonely still the sent'nels stand.

The whispering breezes come and go
With sighing for the by-gone days,
Thro' leafless branches to and fro
Where birdling-notes so sweet and low
Sang out the songs of summer days.

The brook that 'neath the summer sun
Did sparkle 'long its shadowy way,
Now as wanderer, hushed and dumb,
Counting all days as but one,
Faintly smiles and seems to say,
"Spring will come again some day."

—*Aloha.*

AT NIGHT.

GOOD-NIGHT ! those simple words that fall
So often from our careless lips—
And yet they hold a charm for all;
Our dream into the future dips
Finding a fair land of delight—
Good-night !

How soft is the "good-night" said,
Some summer eve of joyous June !
Low droops the maiden's rose-crowned head:
"Good-night—but must you go so soon?"
Oh, golden hour ! Oh, love's delight !
Good-night !

We say good-night to the little ones
Whose trustful eyes have tired grown;
Ah, dimpled daughters ! Darling sons !
How tender is the wistful tone
That wishes all your future bright !
Good-night !

Then, faintly breathed, the last "good-night,"
That comes before the dreamless sleep;
It falls upon us like the blight
Of cruel frost. Alone we weep
For vanished love and lost delight.
Good-night !

Courage ! dear heart, the day is brief—
 Soon to us comes an evening hour
 In which we say "good-night" to grief,
 And threatening clouds no longer lower.
 All glorious is the sunset's light !
 Good-night !

—*May Preston.*

——o——

MY LANDLADY'S BILL.

SHE brought in her bill—
 "This bill must be paid !"
 I could pay it, but still
 (I explained) I could ill
 Break a date I had made,
 She brought in her *Bill*;
 Her bill was soon paid.

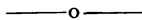
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TO MY LANDLADY.

(After Rudyard Kipling.)

I HAVE eaten your beans and your prunes,
 I have chewed your sausage and hash,
 With a fiendish swoop I have swallowed your soup,
 And potatoes that would not mash.
 Was there aught that I did not swipe
 Of pickles, or fruit, or cheese ?
 One piece of cake that I did not fake,
 One olive I did not seize ?

I gave you a check on the bank,
Yet you seemed convulsed with mirth,
And my trunk you held with a wisdom of eld,
For you knew what the check was worth.



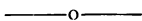
THE ITHACA GIRL.

OH! the Ithaca girl is a gay young girl,
Oh! a gay young girl is she;
She loves a dance, or a play, or a drive,
Any kind of a jamboree.

'Tis ever thus in a college town;
Oh! the girls they will be gay;
For the students are such fly young men,
Such fly young men are they.

Now the Ithaca girl is a joyous girl
Till the winter term's begun,
For all the fall her student boy
Blows much of his father's mon.

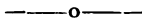
But alack! and alas! for the Ithaca girl,
In the winter she's thrown down;
For her slippery boy to the Junior Ball
Takes a girl from out of town.



SAID a man who was doing Cornell,
"I'll walk through this beautiful dell,"
But a small piece of ice
His foot did entice,
And now he is walking in—Owego.

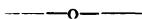
SPRING.

NOW bright for me the days have dawned,
And gay my heart doth leap,
My worry's o'er, and in the night
Most peacefully I sleep.
For on the patches in my pants
No mortal eye shall frown,
They will be fully hidden when
I wear the cap and gown.



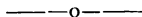
NATURALLY.

THERE was a man in our town,
And this man's name was Ben;
He once picked up a red hot iron
And laid it down again.



OUT OF SIGHT.

SHE shed a tear upon his vest,
The effort made her wince;
The vest was made of flannel
And he hasn't seen it since.

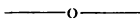


REGRET.

IN days gone by at old Cornell
I was a jolly wight;
The hops and gay cotillion were
My pleasure and delight;

To dance at all times was my joy,
 But best I liked of all
 To trip the "light fantastic" at
 The dear old Junior Ball.

Ah me ! those happy days are gone,
 My college joys are o'er;
 But still at night, with measured step
 I promenaded the floor;
 And deep regret for Auld Lang Syne
 Steals o'er me like a pall,
 When, in the stillness of the night,
 I hear my "junior" bawl.



FAILURE.

I CANNOT draw her earnest, smiling face;
 Its fair and fleet, inimitable grace
 Eludes my very grasp, whene'er I try,
 And to my watching, disappointed eye
 There shines a mocking burlesque in its place.

Again I try, but yet behold no trace
 Of her within it, so again efface
 My work and echo softly, with a sigh,
 "I cannot draw!"

So near it seems ! And yet flees apace,
 Beyond my grasp. And just as in the chase
 The game we want will all our snares defy,
 So here must I confess resignedly
 That elusive queen to match my brace
 I cannot draw.

SAID an innocent looking veal Π,
 As s'owly it heaved a big Ψ,
 If only they N
 That this veal once did M
 The boarders it would horri-Φ

—o—

SAID the turkey to the spoon
 "I wish that I could hide,
 For, though I'm dressed quite 'à la mode,'
 My dressing is inside."

—o—

QUERY.

DID you ever notice this:
 When a fellow steals a kiss
 From a righteous little maiden, calm and meek
 How her scriptural training shows
 In not turning up her nose,
 But in simply turning round the other cheek?

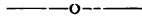
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BROKEN UP.

“WERE you calm and collected at Bull Run?”
 Asked a maiden of Captain Moran;
 “Yes, exceedingly calm, I assure you,”
 Replied the gallant old man.
 “But with an ear buried under a hay-stack,
 And a leg just over the wall,
 And an arm in the hands of the enemy,
 I wasn't collected at all.”

RATHER.

PRONE on his back he lay in the gutter,
Inch-deep flowing with recent rain,
And the "cop" that "pulled" him heard him mutter,
"She's put damp sheets on the bed again."



STRANGE, BUT TRUE.

HE'D never seen a football game,
Nor ever baseball played.
He'd never been to Casey's,
Nor joined a "gown" parade.
He'd never gone to Renwick,
Nor spent a single dime
F'or fare upon the motor car
To save that awful climb.
He'd never seen the coat room
Of our spacious library,
Nor crossed the sacred threshold
Of our little Y. M. C.
He'd never joined a Curtis Club,
Nor seen a co-ed fair,
And never heard the glorious chimes
Ring out upon the air.
He often crossed the campus,
Yet he never saw a sign,
F'or, you see, he graduated
With the class of sixty-nine.

TABLE D'HOTE.

WE were gathered round the table;
Not a soul had dared to speak,
Though pie was burned and milk was turned,
And tea was passing weak.

Thus in silence we were sitting,
Thinking sadly of our ills,
But not making any protest,
For we hadn't paid our bills.

THE MODERN VERSION.

WITHIN the parlor dark they sit
Where they have been since set of sun,
Two souls with but one easy chair,
Two hearts that beat as one.

ALSO IN THE MORNING AND EVENING.

HOW doth the Master of the Chimes
Improve each noon-day hour?
By grinding out the same old tunes
While safe within the tower.

ALAS.

I SWORE to her that nothing e'er
Should tear me from her side;
But as I spoke, the hammock broke,
And then she knew I lied.

—J. F. Goodman.

MIXED.

'TIS not amiss to kiss a miss,
But 'tis a miss to kiss amiss—
As for a miss to kiss a miss—
Far more amiss to miss a kiss.

—J. C., '97,

—o—

GOLF ON CASCADILLA FIELD.

NEW game,
Great snap,
Hit ball
Little tap.

Follow up
As before—
Fewest strokes,
Largest score.

Ball smaller
Than supposed,
Strike hard,
Hit toes!

Try again,
Missed s'more,
Cussed hard!
Shins sore.

Sworn off,
Lost cause,
No cinch,
Thought 'twas.

—Lee Barker Walton.

GOOD EYE.

“BUT look at me,” the young man said,
“And at thy side I’ll be;
For thy black eyes the power have
To draw all men to thee.”

Just then he stepped right off a cliff
To certain death below,
She looked at him, and back he came;
His words were really so.

—H., '99.



DISAPPOINTMENT.

HE knew that I would like to go,
He knew it—never fear;
How often have I told him so
And wished the Senior Ball were here.

At length the Senior Ball is nigh;
To-day his letter came;
To read it almost makes me cry—
It bears my sister’s name.



50. OCT 15 1913

